

The Sign



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

American and Catholic

BY ANTHONY M. BENEDIK, D. D.

Punishment vs. Reparation

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D.

A Punched Railroad Ticket

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Vol. 6, No. 7

February, 1927

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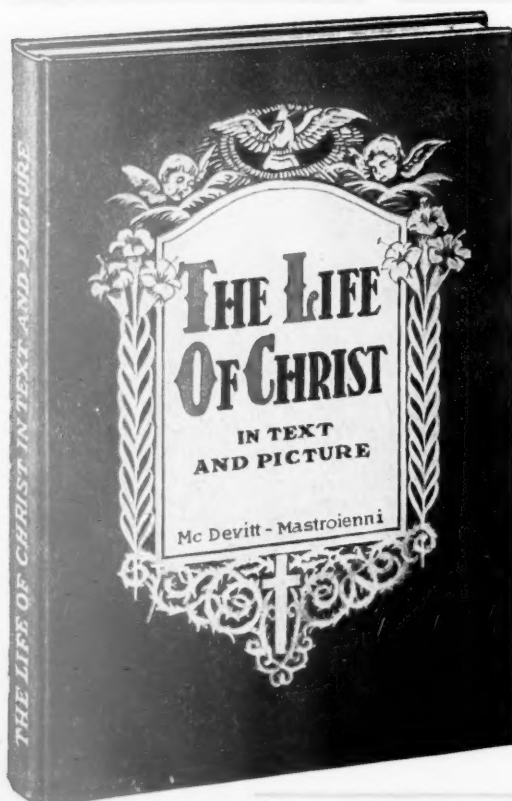
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Two Letters *From a Catholic Man and a Jewish Boy*

To the READERS OF THE SIGN.

My Dear Friends:

I thank the many among you who have so generously, and often at the cost of some personal sacrifice, responded to our appeal for relief of the famine-stricken in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China. It will interest you, as it is sure to edify you, to read the two letters herewith published. The writers of the letters request that we withhold their names and addresses. The first letter is from a Catholic layman:

Dear Father:

Sometime ago I wrote to you concerning a Jewish boy, a friend of mine, who I told you was interested in your Magazine and to whom I pass on The Sign after it is read by me. In reading copies of the last few issues he was overwhelmed by the conditions as shown therein, of the natives of the Missions. He asked me to oblige him by sending you \$50.00 which he made on Christmas tips. And to show him I was no piker, and being able to afford it, I added \$50.00 to it. Will you kindly accept this offering in behalf of the Missions and oblige,

Sincerely,—

The second letter is from our Jewish boy, a proven friend and benefactor:

Dear Brothers in Christ:

I read in several issues of The Sign concerning the deplorable conditions existing among the poor famine-stricken Chinese and was exceedingly moved especially because I realized that the supposedly generous and kind hearted American people as a whole ignored their fellow men and children of God and failed to give them a helping hand. I groaned to think, and my heart is still bitter, that America, the land of plenty and of plenty of millionaires too, would let the poor pitiable Chinese rot away in great numbers, suffering from lack of food.

But thank God that we have the poor with us, rich in spirit, of whom I am proud to be one, who are most willing to help their fellow men regardless of race, color or creed, to the best of their noble abilities.

Again I thank the Lord, that I, a Jewish boy, can contribute my \$25.00 for so noble and religious a cause as feeding, clothing and converting from their sins, the hungry, naked Chinese, whom Our Lord Jesus has so unselfishly redeemed.

Oh God,—if only our wealthy friends would help too! I mean those who are rich in terms of money but very very poor in spirit.


But dear brothers, continue to do your remarkable and Godly work and we poor children shall do our share by trying our best to help you help our fellow Chinese for the sake of our loving God and in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ. And if you need more support, kindly let me know and I'll sell my shirt!

Yours in the Lord Jehovah's Work,—

Comment on these two letters is uncalled for, except the practical comment of our Readers who, we hope, will express it in an imitation of the charity and self-sacrifice of the Catholic man and the Jewish boy.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

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Volume Six

February, 1927

Number Seven

Current Fact and Comment

Methodist Temporal Power

STRAINING every nerve to divest oneself of religious prejudice and making due allowance for a certain degree of temper with which Oscar J. Smith replied to his critic, it is impossible to withhold admiration of his letter to THE NEW YORK TIMES. Mr. Smith says in part:

"From boyhood in a New England manufacturing village (Methodist Sabbath School) through manhood in the Far West and old Mexico, and now in the fullness of years here in New York, I have lived and associated intimately with Roman Catholics. But never have they or their Church interfered with me in the slightest degree in the enjoyment of my personal or religious liberties, which is rather more than I can say of my Methodist friends; and I have never known of a Roman Catholic lobby anywhere.

"The Methodists may consider it their especial patriotic and religious duty to defend the country from Rome, but with all due respect to their mistaken zeal I prefer to do what little may lie in my power to help in defending the country from the "unseen Government" that is here, admits it is here and proposes to stay. That is our present menace—the temporal power of the Methodist Church!

The Roman bugaboo will remain in Rome and never land in Washington, no matter what may be the personal religion of a future President."

Mr. Smith here expresses a view which, we believe, is shared by all fair-minded Americans who have given the slightest attention to the evidence in the case. It is a sad thing to say, but it is true—the Methodists have turned politicians.

Mary of Nazareth

AS THERE are some devout persons who, in the contemplation of our Lord's Humanity and transcendent life on earth, are prone to lose sight of His Divinity, so there are others who concentrate their hearts on our Lady in her glorified state as Queen of Heaven, or as participating in the chief mysteries of the life of her Son, to the exclusion of memory of her day by day life as a woman in this world. The sonorous and beautiful titles given to her in the Litany of Loretto; representations of her in art, from the graceful delicate ladies of Botticelli to the prosperous *bourgeoises* of Raphael; the efforts of writers and preachers who feel that ordinary language is inadequate to describe her perfections; these and many other influences help to glorify the Mother of God and to make us forget the wife of Joseph the carpenter.

It is a pity. The Lily of Israel, the Daughter of the Princes of Juda, the Mother of all Living, was also—and remained—a peasant-woman, a Jewish peasant-woman, the wife of a working-man. Her hands are scored with labour, her bare feet dusty, not with the perfumed dust of romance, but with the hard stinging grit of Nazareth, of the tracks which lead to the well, to the olive-gardens, to the synagogue, to the cliff whence they would have cast Him. Is not the significance of all this lost on us, by whom St. Benedict's sixth and seventh degrees of humility, the life of St. Francis of Assisi and many others, nay, even the common

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or garden Christian forbidding of ostentation, are hopelessly disregarded? With unholy excuses of keeping abreast of the times, or an absurd estimate of the requirements of our state of life or health, or under the proud cloak of "self respect" (whereunder self-regard so often masquerades), we have rolled ourselves in mummy-cloths of temporal ostentation, of material luxury and extravagance, of social conventions and observances—made of our lives an itch and worry of unnecessary things. It is true, in its degree, of all classes in the land, but most of all and most viciously, of that multitude of those who are never wealthy, but never hungry.

The riven Feet of God reproach us from every altar. Let us not forget the tired and dusty feet of His Mother, not only when the Church reminds us of her sorrows, but every day and all days, as they carry her about the work of a Jewish peasant's household, her Son's and her husband's business.

The Timely Stitch

How often have we heard of crimes committed by young men which were not by any means their first offences. Recently we read of a dastardly deed perpetrated by a youth in Illinois. Not long ago another heinous offence was committed by a young man in New Jersey. These are but examples.

In each of these cases, these vicious young men had been guilty of previous crimes against the laws of God and man. In every case they had been shielded from the consequences of their acts by foolish and indulgent parents who moved heaven and earth to save them from the punishment they so justly deserved. One youth had been in a sanitarium and should have been kept there. The others were saved from disgrace and prison by the influence their fathers were able to command.

The results of this misguided parental love and indulgence were other crimes committed by the same boys and in each case the crimes were of far greater depravity. Had they been made to accept the penalties of their first offences, a lesson would have been taught and, as results have shown, the lives of their innocent victims spared.

It is natural for parents to love their children. In many cases the more sinful the child the greater is the love and solicitude shown him. But this love and care is most times totally out of order and sometimes, as in these cases, prejudicial to the lives and the interests of others. No child should be allowed to escape the penalty of his wrong doing.

To shield the child from the consequences of his acts is misguided love and sometimes a real cruelty.

What priest has not been approached by weeping fathers or mothers in behalf of erring sons and sometimes daughters? Would he not use his influence with the authorities, with this judge or that official, that deserved punishment would not be meted out on an offspring who so justly deserved it? How often is the priest requested to pray or to offer the Holy Sacrifice that some young boy, who should be taught a lesson, should go scot-free from the merited punishment of his crimes? To pray that justice be done is altogether fitting and proper but that he should escape his just deserts is another thing entirely.

In the state of New York there is a Baumes Law inflicting life imprisonment upon fourth offenders. There is no Baumes Law in any state for the punishment of second offences of the recalcitrant sons of rich or of poor parents for that matter. Nor should there be. The first offence should meet a just punishment.

Catholic parents may well take a lesson from these sorry examples of parental coddling and indulgence. Apart from all religious consideration the wise part is to let the law take its course. For many times punishment is a cure and subsequent heart-aches are avoided. A wise man learns from experience but a wiser man learns from the experience of others.

Apostolic Opportunities

GENEROUS donations often reach THE SIGN office from benefactors who are not subscribers to this magazine. Their letters tell us that they "just happened upon" a copy of our periodical, and reading of the hardships of our devoted missionaries and the poverty of their people, they could not resist doing something for so worthy a cause. Upon opening other letters, we read of other good souls who are responsible for these generous gifts to the missions. These letters tell us of little tricks practised, by which THE SIGN, with the Chinese page spread out, is placed upon this table or left on that chair where the intended "victim" of their love for the missions will surely see and read and, maybe, give.

But has it occurred to these same apostles of Christ, that, what is done by little ingenuities for the temporal support of our missions, can also be accomplished in another way for the good of immortal souls around us, and especially for our non-Catholic brethren? If placing the magazine in the

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hands of the Catholic helps the missions, surely it may benefit in a spiritual way the soul of some one without the true faith. Bigotry can be softened and sometimes eliminated by the distribution of Catholic literature. What Catholic convert cannot tell of enlightenment received, of false impressions of the Church removed, by means of a Catholic book or pamphlet?

Each day we beg of God that His kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven. Doing something for the spreading of that kingdom on earth is far more pleasing to God and far more meritorious than asking God to bring it about. Suit the action to the prayer. Stimulate interest in God's Church. Pass on the glad tidings of the Gospel by circulating Catholic literature.

The Landing Marines

ONE NEED not be a confirmed pacifist to object to the Government use of the navy to safeguard American big business interests in foreign countries. These interests have often proven the cause of strife particularly in the Pan-American Republics. American bankers have intrigued some of these Republics into burdensome loans, and commercial pirates have exploited their peoples. The American Government should not descend to the level of a collector of private debts. It is altogether too frequently that the newspapers carry the scare headlines, "The Marines Have Landed." Let the marines land where they should land for the welfare of America and not for the benefit of private individuals and concerns. It would be a splendid thing should they land on the gauging Americans who have made our name odious to the people of Central and South America. The sooner the marines land on the interests that throttle the little nations with loans, exploit their national wealth and rob them of their industries, the sooner will Americans be rehabilitated in the eyes of foreigners as a convinced believer in Democracy and the rights of small nations.

The Alabama Clown

SENATOR HEFLIN of Alabama may rightly be regarded as the clown of the Senate. He wantonly uses his Senatorial immunity to attack unjustly the reputations of the living and the dead. When he shouts his diatribes against the Church in

Mexico he can only see the machinations of a religious institution destroy the rights of the people and to keep them in ignorance. When he raves over the situation between the United States and Mexico he can see only the sly intrigues of the Knights of Columbus to precipitate this country into war with our southern neighbor. "How long," asks *The Independent*, "is the Senate, which used to be a dignified legislative body, going to tolerate his presence? How long will his constituents endure the disgrace of being represented by so gross and blowsy a fraud? The North has sent many inferior men to the Senate and a few knaves. The South, like the North, has sent a few gentlemen and statesmen—together with a vast deal of poor white trash; but never in the palmiest days of Tillman and Vardaman has so much fustian, flatulence, and noise, so much dingy self-righteousness and frowsy rodomontade been gathered together beneath a single white waistcoat as now seethes in the bosom of the egregious Heflin. Though often punctured, he has never been deflated. Doubtless there are citizens in the sovereign State of Alabama who regard him as a fearless public man. The rest of the country regards him as a public nuisance and feels that the sooner he retires to his bushes, the better for all concerned."

Radio Religion

THE newspapers record a leakage in attendance at Protestant churches along Cape Cod, the Maryland shore and the rural districts of New Jersey. It seems that the radio, no longer a luxury even in the homes of the poor, is emptying the pews of the Protestant churches in those sections. Men and women stay at home during the services and tune in on the oratory of such excellent talkers as Dr. Samuel Parks Cadman and Bishop Freeman. The absentees justify their absence from services on the score that they should not put themselves to the inconvenience of going to church to endure the mediocre talk of a country preacher and the nerve-racking music of a country choir when they can comfortably remain at home and hear better sermons and better music from the city churches.

We believe their contention is just. Protestantism is very poor in what it has to offer its adherents. At best it can give them only a man's voice and a bit of music; and why listen to a poorer voice and poorer music when, at no inconvenience, one can have a much better voice and better music?

In the Catholic Church we have not only a man's

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voice and some music, but also, and what is infinitely better, the Living Christ in the Mass and the Sacraments. We could quite readily dispense with the voice and the music, but we cannot dispense with the Living Christ. We go to church to worship Him and to receive through the sacramental system the graces which He offers us.

A Reader Reacts

HERE IS AN extract from a letter of one of our subscribers who is also a benefactor of our Passionist Missions:

"I was looking through the booklet of pictures of the famine victims which you sent me and I noticed the name and likeness of Father Flavian Mullins in one of the groups. I laid down the booklet and gazed out of my office window across the shop yard littered with girders and trusses and columns in various stages of completion, to a little red brick building where behind a dirty window sits a quiet little man named Michael Mullins. Here amid the grinding noise of electric cranes, the clanking of chains and the vigorous ratoplan of pneumatic hammers, Mike Mullins the shipping clerk, checks off his weights and writes his invoices. I suppose he often wonders how his son fares in distant China and if he will ever see him again. I had heard that he had a boy who was a Missionary but had not thought much about it. But when I saw the young priest's face among the awful scenes of that wretched country, and realized that he was giving his life for the welfare of those poor souls, I felt ashamed not to send you a bit of a check to help him along."

Let us hope that the example of Father Flavian and his father will beget in the readers of this contributed editorial something of the appreciation of its writer.

Printed Filth

HERE is a decided call for all Catholics to throw their strength against the producers of the vile literature that today is issuing in increased quantity from our presses. The so-called 'confession,' 'true story,' and 'art' magazines, their covers and pages smeared with lurid pictures, their contents simply an appeal to the animal and sensuous,

are to be found everywhere. As *The Saturday Review of Literature* says: "Every newsstand is dripping with magazines, the entire purpose of which is to suggest, to arouse, to gratify eroticism under the thinnest veil of language from which certain words (by legal advice) are excluded and by plots which always turn aside before the obvious conclusion. In poetry, in the novel, on the stage most of all, the suggestive situation, the risqué line, cynical laughter at restraint, leering praise of the grosser instincts, have an astonishing place in public favor. They get the laugh, they sell the books, plays built upon them succeed, novels compounded of them are sure of discussion. A hardened writer for the public can scarcely hesitate as to what to put in his story if he seeks easy success."

These statements are not exaggerated. An almost insatiable appetite for erotic literature has been created and the country is being deluged with obscene publications to gratify it. The municipal authorities of New York, Washington and Baltimore have announced their intention to clean up their respective newsstands. But municipal action will have comparatively little effect unless it be supported by the hearty coöperation of the people. Catholic organizations should be among the first to unite with other interests and influences in the cleaning-up process. Parents should be particularly careful and conscientious in scrutinizing the reading matter that is brought into their homes. They should know what their children are reading and not think that they are out of mischief so long as they are just reading something or anything.

Anglican Compromise

ENGLISH statesmen are credited with a gift for compromising. They are equalled in this gift by Anglican churchmen. The latter undertook the revision of the Book of Common Prayer, but they did not revise it. To do so would prove an offense to the Low and Broad Church elements who are more or less anti-Catholic. Not to revise it, and along Roman lines, would displease the Anglo-Catholics who seem intent on out-Romanizing Rome. The result is that some non-obligatory additions have been made to the Book, so that the Protestants in the Anglican Church can still be Protestants and the Catholics (?) can still be Catholics. At the same time the Archbishops of Canterbury and York serenely inform the world that no change in belief has been effected!

Punishment vs. Reparation

Approaching the Solution of a Perrenial Problem

ONE OF the most important social problems at the present time is that of the reform of the criminal in so far as that is possible. There still is a certain number of people who are apparently convinced that it is almost hopeless to attempt the reform of criminals. They have somehow acquired the conviction that some people are born with criminal tendencies and that it is practically, if not quite literally, impossible to reform them. It is either a question of heredity or of an unfortunate environment in their youth which has created these unfortunate tendencies that have become irresistible and that will continue to manifest themselves in spite of anything that may be done.

This unfortunate pessimistic opinion is supposed to be founded on various scientific theories and exists much more in the minds of what is often spoken of as the academic class, that is those who know the criminal from books or from the standpoint of some preconceived idea, rather than among those who have had practical acquaintance with prisoners in the midst of their actual life in prison or in times of probation and the like.

We have had two theories with regard to criminals that have secured a great many followers and then after a while proved to be without basis. The first of these theories of criminality came to us from Lombroso and had reference to the bodies of criminals. The second came from psychologists and from the introduction of the so-called psychological tests and had just the same sort of reference to the mentality of the criminal as Lombroso's opinion had to the bodily characteristics.

Just about a generation ago Lombroso began to teach that there were certain stigmata or marks to be noted in the bodies of prisoners which indicated, as he thought, that they had an inevitable tendency towards crime. He called these marks stigmata of degeneracy and he spoke of those who exhibited them as being criminals born. People who had mis-shapen heads, irregular features, eyes too close together or too far apart, an eye or one ear a little lower than the other, certain irregularities of the jaw in the line of excess or deficiency as exhibited by the chin—all exhibiting these traits were supposed to have criminal tendencies. If the arms were longer than normal or the hands larger, or if there were other deformities of the

body, these too represented stigmata of degeneracy and were to be considered as representing such deformity in the physical sense as would inevitably lead to criminal tendencies.

No one thinks for a moment now, though so many, even of university teachers throughout the world, accepted Lombroso's doctrine on this subject a generation ago, that these rather common physical irregularities have any such meaning as Lombroso attributed to them. When criminals were studied many of them were found to exhibit these peculiarities and it was easy to think that they must be connected in some way with their criminality. As soon, however, as other people besides criminals were examined for these stigmata of degeneracy, it was found that they are almost if not quite as common among them as among criminals. No two individuals of the race have ever looked exactly alike. We differ not only in our external appearances but also in every portion of our internal tissues. That is what makes the problem of treating patients so difficult for physicians because no two of them are ever alike. There is, however, just as large a proportion of the irregularities of feature and bodily appearance among non-criminals as criminals. We now laugh more than a little contemptuously at the generation that accepted Lombroso's ideals on this subject.

THE same sort of disillusion is now coming with regard to the psychological tests. Criminals were said to be very largely men of low grade intelligence. Psychological tests seemed to show that they were children in mind who had not grown up. This is said to be particularly true of the woman criminal. Further investigation has shown, however, that the criminals measure up in intelligence to the generality of the population. Indeed in the Federal prisons they seem to be even of higher grade intelligence according to these tests than the average of the white draft during the war, though, almost needless to say, a good deal of care was exercised in eliminating subnormal intelligences from among the young soldiers. In a word, there was the same hasty conclusion with regard to the minds of criminals as with regard to their bodies in a preceding generation. This was true even for the women prisoners of whom a large number have been found to be of more than average intelligence.

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THIS brings us to the realization that it is time to think of the criminal in terms of practical knowledge of him as a man by those who are sympathetic toward him, and yet who want to help him to be a better man and to assume a different attitude toward the general good from that which he takes at present. Many people think that this is the first time that the criminal has been studied seriously and the question of reform rather than of punishment taken up. That idea so common in connection with the theory of progress and of evolution that is current in our day always prevents or at least hampers real progress because it fails to take advantage of what has been accomplished in the past on these important human questions.

One of the most interesting contributions to penology, as the science of the study of punishment for crime both as regards its deterrent and its reformatory aspect are concerned, ever made in English is to be found in Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" which was first published just 410 years ago. He was a comparatively young man when he wrote it but he had already distinguished himself by service in Parliament and had by his presentation of the subject of special taxes for the king, Henry VII, succeeded in scaling down the amount asked for to one-third of the demand. He thus saved a heavy burden of taxation on the English people but won the displeasure of the king so that he found it prudent to retire to Belgium.

There in the midst of his work in Greek, he read Plato's "Republic" and then wrote out the story of a detailed scheme of ideal government by which the happiness of mankind might be attained. He saw clearly through all the social illusions and solved the social problems and with quite youthful enthusiasm put forth the solution of all the difficulties he solved. Sir Sydney Lee in his "Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century," (Scribner's 1904), declared that Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" "is as admirable in literary form as it is original in thought. It displays a mind rebelling in its power of detachment from the sentiment and the prejudices which prevailed in his personal environment. To a large extent this power of detachment was bred of his study of Greek literature."

Besides Plato, Sir Thomas was also deeply influenced at this time by St. Augustine's "De civitate Dei." Manifest traces of this can be found. It was a Christian republic of Plato that the future Lord Chancellor inspired by Augustine's great work sketched for his generation though it had all the breadth of the Greek spirit. It is not surprising to hear that the book was warmly wel-

comed by all the scholars of Europe. The epithets which the publisher bestowed on it in the title page,—for there were publishers' "blurbs" even in those days—*aureus, salutaris, festivus* (a golden, wholesome, optimistic book) were adopted from expressions of opinion with regard to it uttered by some of the best scholars in Europe.

The preliminary chapter of the book is, as Sidney Lee says, "a vivid piece of fiction which DeFoe could not have excelled." More relates how he accidentally came upon his scholarly friend, Peter Giles, in the streets of Antwerp in conversation with an old sailor named Ralph Hythloday. This name means an observer of trifles. More takes advantage of the current interest in the discoveries made on the western continent by picturing this fictitious character as a sailor lately returned from a voyage to the new world under the command of Amerigo Vespucci. The name America, after Amerigo, was just gaining currency at that time and this added to the interest. Ralph had been impressed by the beneficent forms of government which prevailed in the new world, where according to the story, he had prevailed upon Amerigo Vespucci to leave him between two of his voyages. He had also visited England and had noticed social evils there which called for speedy redress. The poor were getting poorer, the rich were getting richer, the degradation of the mass was sapping the strength of the country, the wrong things were in honor, and social reform must come or there would surely be social revolution.

IT WAS early in this discourse with regard to comparative conditions in supposed America and England that the subject of prisoners and their treatment arose. Strange as it may possibly seem they had difficulties with regard to laws in those days in Europe not unlike our own. For instance there is mention of "certain old and moth-eaten laws that of long time have not been put in execution which because no man can remember that they were made, every man has transgressed." There were efforts "to forbid many things under great penalties and fines, especially such things as is for the peoples profit not to be used." There was an over refinement of law and apparently of technicalities even then so that it is said "whiles the judges cannot agree among themselves, reasoning and arguing of that which is plain enough and bringing the manifest truth in doubt."

Sir Thomas had the idea that not a little of crime was due to the impression produced upon men by the inequities, to use no stronger word, of life. He felt that the laborer was not paid enough and that the capitalist was paid too much

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for his efforts in life. He was quite convinced that a better equalization of the rewards bestowed upon the various social classes would do away with the jealousies among the poor and make for the happiness of all concerned. Above all, he, who was to be the first English Chancellor who ever cleared the docket of the Court of Chancery, because he knew how to find a way through legal technicalities and to bring about even-handed justice, clearly understood that social conditions were themselves productive of the state of mind which led to crime.

THE Utopian state "which alone of good right may claim and take upon it the name of commonwealth," avoided, above all, these inequities of treatment of the various classes. The contrast between conditions there and those which existed in Europe, was so striking as to make it clear that that accounted for not a little of the crime wave, as I suppose the condition would have been called at that time, if they had the term. Sir Thomas has Ralph Hythloday say:

"Here now would I see, if any man dare be so bold as to compare with this equity, the justice of other nations; among whom, I forsake God, if I can find any sign or token of equity and justice. For what justice is this, that a rich goldsmith, or an usurer, or to be short, any of them which either do nothing at all, or else that which they do is such that it is not very necessary to the commonwealth, should have a pleasant and a wealthy living, either by idleness or unnecessary business, when in the meantime poor laborers, carters, ironsmiths, carpenters, and ploughmen, by so great and continual toil, as drawing and bearing beasts be scant able to sustain, and again so necessary toil, that without it no commonwealth were able to continue and endure one year, should get so hard and poor a living, and live so wretched and miserable a life, that the state and condition of the laboring beasts may seem much better and healthier? . . . And yet besides this the rich men, not only by private fraud but also by common laws, do every day pluck and snatch away from the poor some part of their daily living. . . . They invent and devise all means and manner of crafts, first how to keep safely without fear of losing that they have unjustly gathered together, and next how to hire and abuse the work and labor of the poor for as little money as may be. These devices when the rich men have decreed to be kept and observed under color of the commonalty, that is to say, also of the poor people, then they be made laws. . . . Therefore when I consider and weigh in my mind all these commonwealths which nowadays anywhere do flourish, so God help me, I can perceive nothing but a certain

conspiracy of rich men procuring their own commodities under the name and title of commonwealth."

In More's time in England a number of felonies, that is stealings and violations of property rights, were visited with capital punishment. Later the number of these capital felonies increased so that at the beginning of the nineteenth century there were many scores of them on the statute books. A man might actually be hanged for stealing a shilling and women were known to have been hanged for attempting to pass a bad shilling which had been given them and which perhaps they did not even recognize as counterfeit. Sometimes these women were the mothers of families and their children were small and they were sadly in need.

More resented very much the extreme and rigorous justice which he thought might well be called "plain injury to both the citizen and justice." He did not hesitate to say "God commandeth us that we shall not kill and be we then so hasty to kill a man for taking a little money." He argued that such laws only made for increase in the number of murders. "For the thief seeing that man, that is condemned for theft in no less jeopardy nor judged to no less punishment than him that is convicted of manslaughter; through this cogitation only he is strongly and forcibly provoked and in a manner constrained to kill him whom else he would have but robbed." "Therefore whiles we go about with such cruelty to make thieves afraid, we provoke them to kill good men."

MANIFESTLY they had the same difficulties with regard to law enforcement as we have and the problem of the reform or punishment of the criminal was acute for them as it is for us. The principal suggestion made by Sir Thomas More in "Utopia" was with regard to the return of stolen goods. In the ideal conditions of the *Nowhere* that Ralph Hythloday was talking of, it was a law that whenever anyone was convicted of having stolen anything, he must be bound to make restitution of all that he had taken. The length of a convicted criminals sentence depended entirely on how long it would take him to pay back the money that he had taken. Prisoners were not to be locked in prison nor fettered in gyves, but be untied and free and go at large laboring in the common works, until the amount was paid off. "They that refuse labor or go slowly or slackly to their work, be not only tied in chains but also pricked forward with stripes. But being diligent about their work, they live without check or rebuke."

More believed that the best way to appeal to the prisoner's heart, and he thought that ever so

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much more important than merely appealing to his head or reasoning powers, was to make him understand that as far as possible he must repair the wrong that he had done. Reparation he thought the best incentive to reformation. If the prisoner could be made to feel that the state was not merely taking vengeance on him for the violation of its laws but was intent more particularly on the one idea of making up to those whom he had injured in any way, the wrong that had been done them, he would have less bitter feelings and be readier to sympathize with the idea that he must be under State surveillance until he had righted the wrong so far as was possible. This appeal to his innate sense of right and wrong Sir Thomas felt was ever so much more important in bringing about a change of heart in the criminal and making him see the error of his ways than any amount of punishment which, after all, only appealed to his selfish sense of fear or of dread of the loss of liberty.

More constantly came back to the idea that the vulgar display of wealth had very much to do with tempting people to crime. This he thought was particularly true as regards the ostentatious exhibition of valuable jewels and precious stones. In Utopia only the children wore gold and jewels because these baubles were thought to be worthy only of childish minds. Once when the ambassadors of a neighboring country on a visit to Utopia hoping to impress the Utopians by the display of their wealth wore a lot of precious jewelry, the children of the Utopians who saw them in their procession to the capital turned to their mothers and laughed at these grown people who still wore the trappings of children and asked whether they had grown up or not. They were answered by their mothers very innocently "Hold your peace.

This I believe is one of the ambassador's fools."

One of the Utopian passages on this subject is very interesting. "The Utopians wonder how any man should be so much taken with the glaring, doubtful lustre of a jewel or a stone, that can look up to a star or to the sun himself; or how any should value himself because his cloth is made of a finer thread; for, how fine soever that thread may be, it was once no better than the fleece of a sheep, and that sheep was a sheep still, for all its wearing it." (John G. Saxe told the last generation how great a difference it made whether one wore the product of an India plant or an India worm.)

We constantly hear of the progress that men are making and how different the present generation is from its predecessors and how much evolution carries us forward almost from generation to generation and yet whenever we read a great book—and such Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" assuredly must be considered—we find that there is very little or almost no difference between the men of various times as seen by the penetrating eyes of a great genius or poet. Someone once said that "To read the classics is like reading a commentary on the morning paper." That is what Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" surely is: Any attempt at the solution of our problems of criminology without considering the reflections that were made on them by the most distinguished thinker of his time and perhaps the greatest thinker down to our time, Sir Thomas More, would surely be a mistake. His central idea was that of reparation rather than punishment as representing the best way to get at the reformation of the criminal's mind and bring him to the realization of the necessity for justice among men if there was to be anything like happiness and satisfaction in community life.

Self-Valuation

BY HUGH F. BLUNT, LL. D.

I have a mystery to speak—
I am not what I seem to be.
I grant you that I am the weak
Poor worthless thing you see in me.
But here's the mystery—one day
God died for me, He loved me so:
Laugh if you will, the truth I say;
But 'tis a mystery, you know.
A mystery—that God should dare
To sacrifice for me His Son;
No mystery, how Love can care,
For God and Love are one.

A Punched Railroad Ticket

Jane: Her Father: A Priest

THE PRIEST of God in the discharge of his sacred ministry frequently encounters sick calls which occasion him much difficulty, embarrassment and confusion. It seems to me that any priest who wields a pen will find in the course of his spiritual duties abundant material which he can put on paper, and, as well as discovering for himself that truth is stranger than fiction, he will realize that there is no paucity of material at any time. If he have not the time or the inclination or the energy to write,—that is a different matter.

I had been a curate in a fairly large city for just about two weeks when one Saturday I was summoned to the T. B. dispensary. There a beautiful young girl lay dying. The day before she had ridden more than a hundred miles en route to a white plague sanitarium. She was already dying when she left home. It was simply an outrage that she had been permitted to undertake such a trying journey at all. Her application, made long ago, for admittance to the state institution had hitherto, either been neglected or unacted upon because of the crowded condition of the hospital. I administered to the girl spiritually, and then we talked. Her sister had been a victim to the lung trouble; her mother had died of it; her brother was an inmate at the tuberculosis home whither "Jane" was bound—but which I knew she would never reach.

"I wanted to get away from home," she explained, "for I was worse than a nuisance. My father and sister Katie were the only ones who dared or cared to come near me. The neighbors stayed away lest they swallow a bug. Father had to work, of course, and Katie wasn't able to cope with the care of me and the house. So I fought till I gained admittance to the T. B. asylum. Death is the only thing for me now."

Then I had an excellent opportunity of witnessing a sample of our modern, officious, machine-like charity. A pompous doctor bustled in with a stretcher. The train from our city would leave in exactly forty-five minutes for the sanitarium, distant exactly fifty miles further away. My look of indignant horror evoked an answering gleam in the eyes of a nurse standing silently by. I inveigled the cold-blooded doctor into the next room. I protested to him.

"That girl can't and mustn't be moved," I urged. "Heavens, man, she's dying. She'll collapse on

the way to the train, and most likely will be dead by the time she reaches the institution. It's not unusual for patients to die there on the day of their admission."

He looked at me frostily, while the good-natured nurse behind his back opened her eyes with approval of my audacity. She, of course, did not dare to say a word.

"We don't run a hospital," he replied tartly. "We simply let the girl rest here last night, for she could go no further."

"Oh!" I replied with venom. "So because you don't run a hospital the child must be flung out into the streets and turmoil to die. No, thanks so much. I'll call up the general hospital for its ambulance, and I may tell the newspaper reporters of the sweet hospitality of our city and what hidden Good Samaritans we number."

The incident then closed. Jane stayed in the dispensary with two screens drawn around her. I sat there for a while fanning her, slipping bits of ice between her lips, when I heard a terrific disturbance. The doctor returned with a smile that had an edge on it and beckoned to me. I followed him downstairs. There was the father of poor little Jane a spectacle for angels and men, stupidly drunk. He was making such a terrible commotion that I dragged him into a room and shut the door. He wanted to accompany his daughter to the train, and showed me her punched ticket which I realised would not be used now. I tried to elicit from him the name of the hotel where he had stayed the previous night, but he was unable to remember the name. Outside the rain was drizzling. I was at a loss to know what to do with him. Just at that moment the nurse tiptoed into the room and pressed a slip of paper into my palm.

"My father runs that hotel," she advised softly. "He'll give you a room there for him; I'll 'phone you're coming."

WE set off in a taxi—the drunkard and I—for the cheap hostelry. The bartender refused to admit a drunken lodger, and I had a hot argument with him. The proprietor appeared and ended the discussion and finally I landed my charge in bed. But young as I was then, I forgot to search his pockets—for a bottle. It was certainly there, but I did not suspect it. I locked the door and left the key at the desk. Then I taxi'd back to poor Jane. She looked at me quizzically.

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"He's done it again, hasn't he?" she asked calmly. "I heard the racket downstairs. I hope you don't blame him too much. If you knew half of what he's gone through!" "I can guess, child," was all I was able to say.

Oh, God her agony! She just couldn't die. Twice I thought she was gone, and then the spirit flickered back, and life blazed anew in the big sad eyes. Outside the rain was pouring down incessantly.

THE doctor looked into the room. "You're wanted at the 'phone," he said. It seemed my charge had drunk copiously of the bottle, and had smashed down the hotel door. He was now charging full tilt along the main street of the city. "Oh, what'll I do?" I murmured almost unconsciously as I hung up the receiver.

The nurse stood by, ready to help. "Have him arrested, Father, put him in jail until he's sober. He'll be in your care, and that will save him a fine."

I telephoned the chief of police and told him the tale. He sent the patrol motor to the dispensary. For the first time in my life I sat in that 'Joy wagon.' I was mighty glad it was raining too. Arrived at the hotel I was unable to locate my man. I stationed the patrol and its driver outside the hotel, while I fared forth in the showers. At the crossing I asked the policeman about our fugitive.

"Oh, I seen him last night painting the town red," said the good-natured officer. "He's just went into that movie house over there." But when I reached the picture theatre, the fugitive had gone out again. I found him at last; coaxed him back to the hotel. Seeing him approach the little patrol driver swelled his chest and waxed belligerent. He shut his two small fists and swung over to the six-foot mass of muscle and bone following me like a tame puppy.

"For Heaven's sake, officer," I warned, "have a mind upon your health. This is one of the strongest men I've ever met. If he hits you once, I'll have to clear him of murder. Wait! The easiest way is always the best."

I climbed into the patrol wagon myself and my "hero" followed me. He gripped my arm, as if it were a spar in the midst of a shipwreck. Next day my biceps ached from his fingers. We were unloaded at the door of police headquarters. The chief of police, himself, proved somewhat officious. I led my charge inside. He knew nothing of his whereabouts. The chief pushed his glasses 'way down his nose, gave my boyish face a hard stare as if I had been guilty of something, then thundered: "Take this man into the next room and give him a talking to." I shot one good look at the drooping

hollyhock six-footer and burst out laughing, so did the clerks. "Talk to him, Chief? I might as well whistle 'The Irish Washerwoman' at your ink well and expect it to jig. He's hopeless. In this case silence is golden."

"Well, anyhow," roared the chief, "take him out of my sight!" Ten minutes later I was again at the patrol motor and found three policemen. "You gentlemen aren't necessary," I explained, "I can manage him." "Oh, but there are others to go along with you," said one of the bluecoats. My six-footer and I were just inside the horrible wagon, when in with us piled men and women, all the garnerings of a raid from the lowest part of the city. One woman had a terrible black eye. Another had her hat smashed down on her head, and her nose was bleeding. The black-eyed one sat next to me. Suddenly she spied my Roman collar. "Good Lord," she shrieked, "what did you do?"

I turned my coat collar up about that conspicuous white neck piece of mine. Anyway, the poor starched thing was limp and unsightly. When we emerged from the patrol wagon I certainly blessed the shower of rain, for it made the streets look almost deserted, and we were all in view of anybody who might care to look our way. I gave my letter from the chief to the warden, and my lumbering charge was taken off my hands.

A subwarden was passing and I hailed him. "I wish you'd keep an eye on that man of mine," I begged. "He's getting sick. He's in a fearful state and might die in his cell." The subwarden guffawed right into my two eyes. "Holy smoke," he declared, "here's a bird ordering a special cell and strictly private attention." The fellow did not know me of course, and my Roman collar was hidden. He merely assumed that I was one of the prisoners. When he discovered my real identity he became as sheepish and embarrassed as a prehistoric schoolboy.

I HAD to race up to the church for my Saturday afternoon duties. The evening Angelus was chiming out six o'clock when at last they were concluded. Over the 'phone came the message for me: "Jane has passed peacefully away. Shall we get an undertaker?" The message came from that God-sent nurse. She washed the body, and made the final arrangements with the undertaker. I tried to get in touch with the chief of police, but he'd gone to the country. I wondered if the father would be fit to travel with his daughter's body, and, if he were in suitable condition, whether I could obtain his release in the chief's absence.

Sunday morning as usual I preformed my sacred duties. It was noon before I was free. Then I rushed to the jail. I had 'phoned here and there

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during the morning, and now had the release. There was still an hour till train time.

I was admitted to the bastille by the subwarden who smiled shyly and apologetically like a big boy when I came out of the hot street into the cool interior. My prisoner was brought down, perfectly sober now and in his right mind. To him I was a total stranger; he was unable to remember that he had ever seen me before. I will never forget him, however. I gave him his daughter's handbag, from which the undertaker had subtracted his fee. I explained—or rather started to explain, but I didn't get far.

"So Jane is dead!" he bellowed. "Great God! And *you* put me in jail! Me in jail while she died among strangers! Me not there! The first time in my life I ever was in jail, and *you* did it, you

chalk-faced——"

I turned away sick with disgust, as he spat an ugly oath at me. Then I heard a smack and a thud. I saw two guards gripping the raving father, trying to calm him, while the subwarden held a handkerchief to his own bleeding eye. The blow intended for me was warded off by that unsung hero. He came over with a smile. "Does this pay up for what I did to you yesterday?" he grinned.

A month afterwards I received a letter from that father. He told me in minute detail of the grand funeral Jane received, the profusion of flowers (from the neighbors who didn't visit her when she was dying), and said he was sorry for everything. It was written in a woman's hand, that letter, and I could guess who had written it. Probably it was that lone, poor, little daughter, Katie.

Three Passion Poems

BY SISTER M. BENVENUTA, O. P.

Sitio

Thou art athirst in death's supreme eclipse,
And I, to be
A drop of water to Thy parching lips,
Consumed by Thee.

Ecce Homo

Pilate for priest, the crowd for choristers,
For hymn, the yell of blasphemies uphurled,
Where the pale Host, in thorn-rayed monst'rance set,
Is raised in benediction to the world.

Communion

'The rocks were rent', earth's gasping lips apart,
To drain the broken chalice of God's heart.

Categorical: As Set Forth In News and Opinions

EDITED BY N. M. LAW

STILL AT IT.

The following paragraphs clipped from the Baptist Magazine, the B. Y. P. U. Quarterly, will give our readers some idea of the pabulum fed to the yokelry below the Mason-Dixon Line:

The foreign mission fields of Southern Baptists may be divided into two general classes: pagan and papal. At the meetings of the Convention, we often listen to discussions of the pagan fields at one hour and of the papal fields at another hour.

Pagan fields are China, Japan, and Africa, whose peoples worship idols. Papal fields are the most of the European countries, Italy, Mexico and South America, whose peoples are under the domination of the pope of Rome.

1. Why Preach Christ to Catholics?

Why do Baptists send missionaries to Catholic, or papal, lands? Are not the Catholics already Christians? Such questions are often asked by people of our own and of other denominations. And they ought to be asked and the correct answer given, for not all Protestants believe that Catholics need missionaries sent to them. We have more than once seen religious surveys of America given, in which the Catholics are counted in as Christians.

Baptists cannot consider Catholicism as a true religion. There is no worship of Jesus, but of Mary instead; there is too much superstition, too much image worship, too much ignorance of the Bible, too much immorality among priests and people, too much oppression of the people by the priests; in fact, it seems to us, too much of about everything that Christianity is *not* and ought *not* to be; and too little of what it really is, and ought to be. We preach Christ to a Catholic because he needs Christ instead of a priest.

Sheer ignorance or malicious lying runs riot on another page of the same publication. We read:

In several of the Roman Catholic Churches the form of worship is the same as in China—idolatry. Change the names of their saints to the idols in the heathen temples of China, and you would not know the difference.

North of the mythical Mason-Dixon line, in the Calvary Baptist Church of New York, we have the Bible classes interspersed with true Christianity by Congressman Upshaw. From the New York Times, Dec. 18th.:

BAPTIST

Calvary Baptist Church,

123 West 57th St., bet. 6th & 7th Aves.

Rev. JOHN ROACH STRATON, D. D., Pastor.

10:15—Bible School with Classes for All, Congressman W. D. Upshaw, "The Man Who Wins."

11:15—"What does it mean to be a Witness for Jesus?"

3:00—Congressman Wm. D. Upshaw in Rousing Prohibition Message, "New York's Moral and Constitutional Secession from the United States." (A hot reply to Teddy Roosevelt.)

7:30—"The part that Faith plays in the saving of the Soul and the healing of the body."

SOME STATISTICS

Figures are proverbially dull and uninteresting reading but we found the following, selected from an exchange, informative and sprightly:

There is one Catholic priest for every 875 Catholics! one Protestant minister for 260 Protestants.

49,000 Baptist ministers; 20,287 Catholic priests.

There are 21 kinds of Baptists; 21 kinds of Lutherans; 17 different kinds of Methodists; 10 varieties of Presbyterians.

Four of the leading Protestant denominations have 69 kinds of Protestantism.

Seventy per cent of the Catholic population is in 12 states; 30 per cent in the remaining states.

Only 10 per cent of the Methodists are in the principal cities.

Of 14,478 Catholic Churches, 2,230 use a foreign language.

9,454 Protestant churches use foreign languages exclusively.

On Dr. Watson's tabulation, Protestant church members donated \$17 per capita in 1920.

Catholics donated about \$3.75 per capita.

Some of the Evangelical churches contributed \$80 per capita, or more than twenty times what each Catholic contributes.

(The efficiency of administration in the Catholic Church is amply suggested in the above figures, especially when the expense of our school system is considered.)

THE SPROUTING EYE

Not having heard anything like this before Prohibition we pass this on to our readers without comment:

A remarkable case of a hay seed that sprouted and grew to a length of an inch and a half in a man's eye, has just been treated at Gloucestershire Royal Infirmary. A farm labourer got something into his eye which he was unable to remove, and in consequence of continued and increasing pain he visited the hospital. The ophthalmic surgeon decided to make an incision above the eye and discovered a green blade of grass lying between the tissues which had sprung from a hay seed which was also removed from the eye. The operation was quite successful, and the man's eye is

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now as good as ever. "Cases similar to this one are on record, but I doubt whether a hay-seed has ever succeeded in growing to such a length under such remarkable conditions before," said a Harley-street specialist to the *Westminster Gazette*. For the seed I daresay, and eye-socket was quite a satisfactory place of growth; all that is needed is warmth and moisture so that it would have been more surprising if that seed had failed to sprout. There is no danger from swallowed seeds, which would be quickly digested."

THE STING OF CONSCIENCE??

Evidently George Bernard Shaw is not always pleased with the effects produced by his writings. Speaking at a luncheon given to a few distinguished people of the British Isles by Lady Beecham George Bernard (as quoted in *The New York Times*) opines:

"I am supposed to have a bad effect on my age," he said. "I write plays like 'Candida,' and unknown women write to me and say I have inspired them to leave their husbands. Sometimes I meet them afterward and ask whether their decision was justified. They usually say yes and I feel less guilty."

CARICATURE THE PARSON

We have often found ourselves musing over the ideas found in the following editorial from *The Independent*. When glancing through the pictorial sections of the Sunday editions we invariably look for some distinguishing mark when beholding the likeness of some prominent non-Catholic ecclesiastic. Usually there was nothing to indicate that the man in question was not a stock broker or a bond salesman rather than a cleric of some distinction:

At Minneapolis recently a protest against the caricature of ministers on the stage and in the movies was presented by Dr. George Reid Andrews, chairman of the committee on the drama in the Federal Council of Churches. Roman Catholic priests are not subjected to this offensive treatment. Will H. Hays, czar of the moving-picture industry, has made several changes in scenarios, but still, the report says, there is need of correction.

It will seem to a layman that this evil is much less than is alleged, and that the ministers themselves without knowing it have been responsible for the cure of caricature. For nearly a generation there has been a steady change in the ministry itself, so that today in most cases there is hardly any outward mark of the calling. The only basis of caricature of anything is its strong, distinctive character. No more the white lawn necktie, nor even the black one; less and less the clerical waistcoat and collar; and the church paper prints notices offering for sale the solemn frock coat. The parson has unfrocked himself. He does not have today the old consciousness of one set apart in a

peculiar high calling, which made him a shining mark for distortion or exaggeration. And, after all, caricature—unless brutal—is never objectionable. Less of it so far as ministers are concerned should be deplored rather than hailed with rejoicing. Still, the pastor of today has become a general utility man in the community, and in this benevolent merging he has lost in some measure his distinction. There is not much to caricature.

THE PROTESTANT CONFSSIONAL

Sin clamors for confession, and an honest confession is good for the soul. But the real value of sacramental confession in the Catholic Church does not consist merely in the relief and comfort one finds in telling another one's sins, but in receiving the sacramental absolution which blots out one's sins and gives the grace to fight bravely against sin in the future. This sort of confession Dr. Fosdick can 'recover' only in the Church where it was never lost. *The New York Times* reports:

The abolishment of the confessional by Protestants was regretted yesterday by the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, at a meeting of the Greater New York Federation of Churches yesterday at the Hotel Commodore. The Catholic Church has in the confessional an amazing instrument for spiritual healing, he said, adding that he had used the method of the confessional in his office for six years to minister to sick souls.

Dr. Fosdick based his argument on the need for treating the ills of the world through the individual. The vast conceptions of science and the breadth of most social and economic problems, he said, have caused ministers to discuss human institutions rather than wrestle with the individual soul.

SAYS CHRIST BUILT PERSONALITY

"Christ captured the world by caring for individuals," he said. "He led no armies, was a member of no committees, fomented no political revolutions and wrote no books. It is the individual who constitutes the basis of the social structure. The method employed by Christ was not accidental. He thought life was for the building of personality.

"You say that the economic system is wrong. Of course it is and it is our business to see that it does not hurt people. International relations are not my business as a Christian minister but if war comes and hurts the individual, then it is my business. If Jesus Christ came back to earth He would work through the individual.

"We modern Protestants fail in some things. Our Roman Catholic brethren in keeping the confessional have pretty nearly wiped us off the stage in one feature of human service. Through the confessional they have built up an amazing service for the treatment of sick souls. A good priest, through the confessional, can develop a treatment for the individual and we have nothing to compare with it.

"For six years I have conducted—Baptist though I am—what I call a confessional. I am not afraid to re-

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cover things the Protestants threw away—beauty of service and the confessional. I have an office where people who know they are spiritually sick and mentally disturbed can come with their problems. Why shouldn't I minister to them? Never again will I be without such a place where people can meet me alone. Week after week I meet pretty nearly as many people as a priest. They are mentally unbalanced—sick souls who need ministration.

"We need a renaissance of what our fathers used to know as evangelical preaching. We Protestants have thrown out beauty of service, the confessional and the old-style evangelical preaching that used to fill me with thoughts of hell. We retreat to discussing themes instead of wrestling with human souls for life or death. Do we really care about the individual? Our business is not with vastness or immensity but with the individual. There is the crisis of the world's destiny."

"THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW"

How many of us were not raised on this war cry and how often is not this same slogan heard now-a-days? Our legislators continue to strive to make man moral by law but only succeed in making themselves ridiculous and causing many to disregard all legislation. This is well brought home by the following editorial in the *New York World*:

The legislator is at it again. In North Carolina he seeks to make "petting" illegal. In Oregon he would prohibit picture advertisements of cigaret smoking. In Indiana she—this time it is a lady—would require beauty-parlor experts to be of good health and moral character and picked by a State board. In Little Rock's municipal body Alderman Connor proposes that a pup shall be considered a dog when it becomes six months old. Because pelicans eat fish, a Texas legislator would appropriate \$25,000 to exterminate them.

To offset the famous Kansas cigaret legislation, now an admitted failure, a member of that State would prohibit mince pies, which are bad for children. Some son of Anak in the New Hampshire House wants hotel beds made seven feet long. A Pennsylvania solon would have members wear high hats, frock coats and spats to distinguish them from lobbyists. Senator Beaver of Oklahoma would forbid the manufacture of biscuits less than three inches across.

At this point one begins to suspect an element of sarcasm. Somebody was surely having his little joke when Mr. Chapple of Ohio proposed to forbid the thermometer from going below 46 degrees in winter or above 78 in summer. And yet—possibly you cannot always tell. The Tennessee Legislature wasn't joking when it passed the Anti-Evolution Law.

A LAYMAN'S ALARM

Recently Justice Thomas Crane of the Supreme Court of New York sounded a grave warning to four-hundred clergymen representing all Protestant denominations of New York City. He declared that the absence of the children from the Sunday

service in the Protestant Church is a symptom of a dying church. His appeal was eloquent and fell upon responsive hearts. A resolution was adopted and an earnest plea to all to send the little ones to church was broadcast. Catholics can well take to heart the solemn warning of this eminent jurist and profit by his words. In part he said:

"I invoke God's aid in order that I may give voice to that which is in my heart. I am over-burdened with the sense of danger to the Church because of the absence of children from the place of worship Sunday mornings.

"In the dictionary there is only one word which describes the condition, and this is 'tragic.' It is symptomatic of a dying church. Jesus stands on the shores and asks, 'Children, lovest thou me?' And they answer, 'No.'

"The population of Greater New York is about 6,000,000, and of these about one-fourth are children from 7 to 17 years of age. So when you look down from your pulpits, if you do not see one-fourth of the congregation before you to be children it needs no survey to prove to you that you are not reaching your young people.

"If I had to choose between worship and education for the children I would choose worship. You will never preach a sermon that will be heard with more interest by an adult than by a lad of 14."

EPISCOPALIANS AND THE VIRGIN MOTHER

The Anglican Book of Common Prayer is revised but not so the ideas and the beliefs of Anglicans. The efforts of the church to reconcile all factions within the communion are utterly futile. The news item below from the *New York Herald-Tribune* aptly illustrates this and also shows that the Episcopal Church is still Protestant in spite of the claims of Bishop Manning and other so-called Catholics:

NORFOLK, Va., Jan. 30.—Because Judge Allan R. Hankel, of the Norfolk Circuit Court, denied his petition to restrain the Board of Vestrymen from removing a statue of the Virgin Mary from Christ Episcopal Church, Dr. Francis C. Steinmetz, rector, tendered his resignation at the morning service to-day.

Christ Church is one of the most imposing edifices in the South and its parishioners are among the wealthiest in Virginia. Dr. Steinmetz has been rector of the church for nineteen years. He was the leading spirit in obtaining funds for building the present church, which was erected under his supervision in 1910.

Dr. Steinmetz had a statue of the Virgin Mary placed in the Selden Memorial Chapel in the church. A majority of the vestry ordered it removed. Dr. Steinmetz appealed to the courts, and when an adverse decision was rendered he decided to resign. The court held that the rector had no authority over the property of the church and that his duties were exclusively of a spiritual nature.

Dr. Steinmetz came to Norfolk from Philadelphia, but he had also served parishes in New York.

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communications of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

THE SIGN POST

QUESTIONS
AND
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

Nota Bene. It is gratifying to see the interest which our readers take in the Sign-Post. This interest manifests itself ordinarily in asking questions, the answers to which are to appear in this Department. We endeavor to answer these questions in the order in which they have been received. Also as fully as space permits. This may mean delay in many cases. We ask our readers to be patient. Their answers will appear as early as possible. When a personal answer is requested, the questioner should send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

ONE WIFE TOO MANY

If a Catholic is married to a non-Catholic by a priest and then finds that the non-Catholic has a wife living, is the Catholic party living in mortal sin by still living with the non-Catholic?—V. R. PITTSBURG, PA.

Presuming that the former marriage was a valid one, it is not allowed the Catholic party to live with a man who has a wife living. Both canon and civil laws prohibit this. Such a situation is called bigamy. Therefore, the Catholic party cannot continue to live with one who is already validly married to another woman. The fact that the Catholic was united in marriage to the man by a Catholic priest would constitute ground for a presumption that the non-Catholic may not have been validly married before. The fact that the Catholic party receives the sacraments is another reason for thinking that she is validly married to the non-Catholic.

PORTIUNCULA INDULGENCE

Please tell me the origin of the Portiuncula Indulgence and the conditions necessary to be fulfilled in order to gain it.—L. M. B. TOLEDO, O.

This indulgence derives its name of Portiuncula from a town of that name situated about three-quarters of a mile from Assisi, the birthplace of St. Francis. It was here that St. Francis recognized his high vocation in the year 1208. It was here that he abode, after the Benedictine monks presented him with a little portion of ground on their property, (portiuncula—little portion), upon which St. Francis erected the Chapel of the Portiuncula. It was to this chapel, dedicated to Our Lady of the Angels, that the Portiuncula Indulgence was first attached by Pope Honorius III about the year 1223. This indulgence could at first be gained only in the Portiuncula Chapel itself between the afternoon of August 1st and sunset of August 2nd. In the course of time succeeding Pontiffs extended this privilege to other churches of the Franciscan Order. Pius X in 1910 granted, for that year only, to all bishops in communion with the Apostolic See the privilege of designating any public church or oratory for the gaining of this indulgence, either on August 2nd or the following Sunday. This great favor has been renewed for an indefinite time by virtue of a decree of the Holy

Office, under date of May 26, 1911. The Portiuncula Indulgence is plenary, and can be gained "toties-quoties"—that is, for each visit to the designated place. The conditions are as follows: 1—the reception of Penance and Holy Communion; 2—a visit to the church to which it is attached; 3—prayers for the intentions of the Holy Father. (At least six Paters, Aves, and Glorias must be said). To renew one's visit it is necessary to go outside the church and return, praying again for the Pope's intentions.

HOW CAN THEY DO IT?

(1) *How can a man with two wives be buried with Catholic funeral services?* (2) *How can a nun get a dispensation to leave the convent and marry?* These two cases were published in the newspapers.—R. M. CHICAGO, ILL.

(1) A Christian cannot have two real wives—no matter how hard he tries. The man you refer to had no real wife at all, because his marriages were invalid in the eyes of the Catholic Church. He was sorry for it, and if he was restored to health, promised to amend his life. He was given the last sacraments and was buried as a Catholic. The Church's great object is to convert sinners, even at the eleventh hour. (2) By writing to the Holy Father stating the reasons why she wishes to be released from her vows. If her reasons are valid, the Pope, in the name of Christ, pronounces the nun released from her obligation freely contracted in religion. Having been legitimately dispensed, she may marry. There is nothing in the way.

HEARTACHES

(1) *Will you kindly write an article on "The Meaning of True Friendship?"* (2) *Could a person receive the sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion worthily when she was deceiving and lying to her best friend?* (3) *This deceit has resulted in the abuse party losing faith in the sincerity of mankind. She is broken in mind and spirit. Would you say that the party giving the offense has been true to God or man?* (4) *How can I regain my lost faith?*—M. S. NEW YORK, N. Y.

(1) I am sorry that I cannot oblige you. (2) No

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one can receive the sacraments worthily except he has the right dispositions; for the sacraments of penance and baptism, contrition for sins: for the sacrament of Holy Communion the recipient must be in the state of grace. The state of grace means for a baptized person freedom from mortal sins. Not everything which is wrong and condemnable constitutes a mortal sin. Lying and deceiving in themselves are not mortal sins. One must beware seeing motes in a brother's eye, while the beam in our own escapes our notice. (3) While your heart is perturbed you are not to be chided for your bad logic. You would not have me think that "all men are liars?" Look around you and you will find many who can take your friend's place in your affections. "There are as good fish in the ocean still as ever were caught." Better still, go to your friend and manifest your willingness to forgive what you thought was his sin, and "thou wilt gain thy brother." "How many times Lord, shall my brother offend against me and I forgive him? Seven times?" "Jesus said to him; I say not to thee till seven times, but till seventy times seven times." (5) By being humble of heart, forgiving of spirit, and instant in prayer. "Come to Me all ye that are burdened and heavy laden and I will refresh you."

SUNDAY NOT THE SABBATH

I am a Jewish boy, but I have faith in Jesus Christ. There is one thing which puzzles me a great deal. What is the true Sabbath Day? The Holy Bible everywhere speaks of the seventh day as the Sabbath, which we must keep holy. How then can you say that Sunday, or the first day of the week is the Sabbath?—M. B. BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Despite what you have heard to the contrary the Sabbath is the seventh day of the week. Holy Scripture, both Old and New Testament, leave no room for doubt on that point. You wish to know why the first day of the week is sanctified by Christians, instead of the seventh day.—The Church established by Jesus Christ was endowed by Him with divine authority to teach, to rule, and to sanctify all men. By virtue of this divine authority She has interpreted the command "to keep holy the Sabbath Day" in a manner conformable to the New Dispensation.

There is no explicit command in the New Testament to observe the first day of the week instead of the seventh, but there are many references, especially in the Acts of the Apostles, which is a history of the beginning of the Church, to the Christians assembling together on the first day of the week. For some time they assembled on the seventh day, together with the Jews. It was but natural to continue with their ceremonial practices until the full revelation of Christ had been manifested to them, and they could provide themselves with churches. Soon they formed their own congregations, and met together for prayer and the sacrifice of the Eucharist on the first day of the week. (See Acts 11/42; XX/7; 1 Cor. XVI/2; Apoc. 1/10). This custom was universal at the beginning of the second century.

This change of day could have come about only with the sanction of the Apostles, acting in Christ's Name, Who was "Lord of the Sabbath." Whatever the Apostles did must have been all right. It was necessary that the Christians should no longer worship after

the manner of the Jews, but "in spirit and in truth." The Mosaic Law was fulfilled in Christ. Consequently, worship built upon the hope of a Messiah was false worship and an abomination to God once Christ, the promised Messiah, had come and made known the Will of His Father. Followers of Christ, therefore, could not join a false worship.

The precept of sanctifying the Sabbath has a moral and a ceremonial element. In as much as it prescribes the setting aside of some time to spend in the worship of God it is moral; in so far as it determines the choice of a specific day of the week it is ceremonial. By the selection of the first day of the week instead of the seventh the precept is not substantially altered. Worship is still paid to God. But to substitute one day in place of another required the authority of the Catholic Church.

A careful reading of the Prophets will reveal the fact that it was foretold that the ceremonial law of the Old Dispensation would be abolished. (Isa. 1/11, 13; Amos. V/22). The Apostles themselves declared the ceremonial law intolerable and useless. (Col. 11/16; Gal. IV/9, 10; Rom. XIV/5). These ceremonial observances, therefore, were abrogated with the preaching of the Gospel, the most prominent of which was the observance of the Sabbath.

Incidentally, this explanation fits in only with the Catholic Rule of Faith, which holds that Christ's revelation is contained not only in the Bible but also in Tradition, both being interpreted by a living, infallible authority. Those who believe in the "Bible Only" theory should, if they were consistent with their principles, assemble in their tabernacles on the Sabbath, or seventh day, together with the Jews and the Seventh Day Adventists. These latter are logical in their application of the "Bible Only" theory in THIS MATTER, but they omit many, many other things which are as plainly prescribed as sanctifying the Sabbath Day.

AGE OF ANGLICAN CHURCH

I am accustomed to teach (1) that Henry VIII's schismatic church was wiped out of existence forever when Cardinal Pole restored the Papal Supremacy on November 30th, 1554; and (2) that the modern Anglican Church dates only from May 8th, 1559, when Elizabeth passed the two acts of Parliament. In the August SIGN, page 24, I read: "Hence, the Episcopal Church (Anglican) will be only four hundred years old in 1924." Since Henry's bishops were bishops and Elizabeth's were not, I am at a loss to explain your reckoning of time, and will be grateful for any information you may give on this point.—L. M. G. GARRISON, N. Y.

In discussing the history of Anglicanism we must distinguish four periods. The first, or Henrician, (1524-47), includes the definite breach with Rome by reason of the declaration of Royal Supremacy in matters spiritual made in November, 1534. This period cannot be strictly called Protestant. Henry wished to create a Catholic Church minus the Pope. Or rather he made himself Pope. This is pure schism and Erastianism. The second period is that of Edward, (1547-53). The third—that of Elizabeth, (1558-1603). During these two periods the separation effected by Henry was carried out to its logical completion, with

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the very distinct note of Protestantism. The fourth period covers the reign of Mary, the Catholic, (1553-58), who officially restored England to the center of Catholic unity—the See of Peter. Through this act England, as such, was no longer in schism. But among the people, and especially among, the nobles, who waxed fat on the schism by confiscating the property of the monasteries, the act of reunion had but little effect. The gentry as a class opposed Mary in her efforts to restore the Catholic Faith. The nine year's growth of schism started by Henry VIII was too strong to be killed by Mary's act of reunion. So, it can be said with truth that the Act of Royal Supremacy passed in November, 1534, marks the date of Anglicanism's birth.—The question regarding the validity of the bishops' orders is beside the point.

SPIRITUAL MATTERS

(1) *Is it a truth the gates of hell are closed to anyone who brings a convert into the Church?* (2) *Is there any sin which cannot be forgiven if we are truly sorry?* In Matthew 12/32 Our Saviour says that blasphemy of the Spirit shall not be forgiven, and that whoever shall speak against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven, either in this world or in the next. To what sin does this passage refer?—A. S. PITTSBURG, PA.

(1) There is no infallible certainty attached to such a statement. It is nowhere found in the Gospels, nor does the Church teach it. Perhaps the foundation for it is the saying attributed to St. Augustine; "Have you saved the soul of another? Then you have saved your own." Even though the passage be authentic the Saint could not have meant it absolutely. What he intended was that God abundantly rewarded those who were solicitous for the salvation of their neighbor, giving them efficacious graces whereby they were enabled to "labour the more that by prayer and good works they might make their calling and election sure" If the statement were understood to signify that bringing a convert to the Church were an infallible sign of predestination to eternal life, then such an act would be equivalent to a revelation from Heaven that the zealous apostle was already saved. This is absurd. What would become of the awful warning of St. Paul; "work out your salvation in fear and trembling?" (2) All sins, no matter how grievous and numerous, may be forgiven to those who sincerely repent of them and submit them to the absolving power of the priests of the Church, or implicitly desire to do so; "if your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made white as snow; and if they be red as crimson they shall be made white as wool." Is. 1/18. The "blasphemy of the Spirit" is made clear from the context. Christ upbraided the Pharisees for turning the proofs that God had given to certify the truth of Our Lord's mission (the working of miracles, etc.) into arguments against His claims. When Divine Grace calling to repentance is spurned and even cast in the face of God what more can be done? God always respects the freedom of the human will. The Pharisees were deaf to Christ's pleadings, blind to His wondrous manifestation of divine power. Therefore, their sin could not be forgiven because *they willed not to be forgiven*, and Our Lord foresaw that they would die in that state. Final impenitence is called a sin "against the Spirit." It denotes a state

of soul which resists the graces God offers in order to save it. Such a sin is not forgiven, neither in this world or the next, not because it *cannot be forgiven*, but because the soul will not ask for pardon. And no one is saved unless he is willing. God does not save in spite of a person's resistance.

JUBILEE PRIVILEGE

Is it true that a person could have made the Jubilee by making only five visits to a church?—K. L. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Yes, Pope Pius granted a special concession as a mark of favor towards Cardinal Van Rossum, whose titular church in Rome is dedicated to the Holy Cross. The Holy Father permitted the faithful throughout the world to substitute, in place of the visits prescribed by the Bishop, five visits to any church or public chapel dedicated to the Holy Cross. These visits could be made on one and the same day. The indulgence could also be gained twice; for oneself and the soul in Purgatory. This privilege was published in the "Acts of the Apostolic See," issue of May 3, 1926.

MISSION QUERIES

(1) *It seems that it is not money the Chinese want, but rice. What good will money do them if there is no rice to buy?* (2) *I can't understand why no news of the famine gets into the daily papers.* (3) *Why do you not form a Chinese Relief Society like the Far East Relief?* (4) *Should one give to charity at home before giving to outsiders?* (5) *What percentage of one's income should be given to charity?* (6) *Why don't Catholic missionary agencies appeal to the well-known rich people of philanthropic tendencies?—L. C. W. BOSTON, MASS*

(1) Money comes in handy to purchase rice from other parts of China, or, if this cannot be done, it may be used to ship rice from countries like the U. S., where there is a large supply. Money is also necessary to pay for its transportation. Men and boats must be hired to bring rice and other food-stuffs to the places in need of it. Often a small army is needed to protect the cargo from the bandits who infest China. Money is also used to purchase many other articles of food, also medicine and clothing for the sick and naked. (2) It would get into the papers if the famine was more widespread, but due to the fact that it is periodical and more in the interior the news is not regarded as sensational enough for the daily press. When notice of famine does appear in the daily press it is often little commented on. Such items are crowded out by other news, such as the chronic wars of that country. (3) There are such Societies in China. The different Protestant Mission Boards are sending money and supplies for their own missions in China. And it is gratifying to note that mutual good feeling exists between Catholic and Non-Catholic Societies. In times of distress they aid one another as much as possible. But it would be a great mistake for Catholic missionaries to be accepting help constantly from Protestants. Catholics should be zealous enough for the spread of the Faith to contribute what their means afford for this apostolic work. (4) Of course. Charity begins at

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home. It would be against both the law of nature and Christian charity to refuse a child a bite to eat who is before you because you wish to help the starving in far-off China. (5) Ten per-cent, or a "tithe" This is suggested by the Scriptures, (Num. 18/26), but you must be guided by circumstances. (6) They do. But such philanthropic people are, as you say, overwhelmed by such appeals.

THE HERO OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

Some time ago you published in THE SIGN an article regarding Bernarr Macfadden. You stated that his right name is Bernard McFadden, and that he had served a prison term for, I believe, misuse of the mails. Will you please repeat this information for me?—H. J. Y.—PATERSON, N. J.

The information you refer to appeared in an editorial in the May SIGN, page 399. It was taken from an article which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly for March, 1926, written by Oswald Garrison Villard and entitled "Sex, Art, Truth, and Magazines."

His name. "Bernarr Macfadden—born, as the French say, Bernard A. Mcfadden—is a native of Missouri who came to New York in 1894, etc." (page 393).

His arrest. "As far back as 1901 the postal authorities in Washington ordered his arrest for the character of his advertising of his beauty show of that year." (page 394). "On October 23, 1907, our physical culture hero came into serious conflict with the law, a jury in the United States District Court in Trenton, N. J., finding him guilty of publishing and sending through the mail in his Physical Culture Magazine an improper story entitled 'Growing to Manhood.' The Government declared that the advice and discussions in the article were wholesome, but that the narrative was well calculated to increase evil habits rather than to retard them. So our unselfish crusader was sentenced to two years at hard labor and a fine of \$2000, and would have gone to prison had not the kind heart of President Taft been reached. The President remitted the prison part of his sentence." (page 394).

For further information regarding this modern Hercules see the above mentioned article.

FALSE INTERPRETATION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Under the heading, "Conflicting Obligations," you state: "Pay your debts first. Then support your church, etc." Allow me to differ with you. A young man buys an auto which he does not need; a young girl a fur-coat which is far beyond her means; another buys a radio or a victrola. All buy, of course, on the installment plan. They are *always* in debt. When one article is paid for another is purchased on the partial payment plan. Maybe its a pair of—(well, let us say it plainly)—pants, or an electric contrivance; or maybe a house and lot; or perhaps they owe a mortgage on their home. Do all these people have to pay no dues to their parish? They are all in debt. You should, dear Father, have made some distinction between different kinds of debt. The first thing I knew someone here claimed; "Now I never need pay another copper to the Church. I have always debts;" and showed me your decision. You ought to correct it. Besides, experience

as a pastor for twenty-five years has convinced me that people who do not pay their church dues don't pay their other debts.—REV. P. E. S., WIS.

COMMENT. The answer given in the November issue referred to the respective importance of various obligations in case they conflict or collide. A person cannot be obliged to contradictory obligations at the same time. Thus, a person cannot be obliged at the same time by the virtues of charity and piety to nurse a previously sick relative, or parent, on a Sunday morning, and also obliged to attend mass because of the precepts of religion and obedience to the laws of the Church. Such a person would in the order of things be excused from attending mass. Charity is higher and more noble a virtue than religion or obedience to the positive ecclesiastical laws. But if it were not necessary to attend the sick relative ALL morning; if others could supply ones place without detriment to the invalid; then the obligations respectively of charity and piety on the one hand, and religion and obedience on the other, do not conflict, but are reconcilable. And therefore both obligations should be fulfilled.

This holds for the obligations arising from justice towards the neighbor and justice towards the Church. Both species of justice are grave in themselves. It is a mistake to imagine that contributing to the support of one's parish is a work of supererogation, and not of obligation. But when just debts towards the neighbor and contribution towards the Church both urge at the same time, and it is impossible to fulfil both of them, (that is, when they conflict), justice to the neighbor prevails. This is generally admitted by theologians. And pastors themselves seem to acknowledge it when they urge their parishoners to "contribute according to their means."

In case these obligations do not conflict, even though they may urge at the same time, both can, and therefore ought to be fulfilled. Such is usually the situation with parishoners forever in debt from installment plan buying.

THANKSGIVINGS

I am sending an offering in thanksgiving for a great favor which I have received. I prayed to St. Jude one evening and before that time next day my petition was granted.—A. T. R., CORONA, L. I.

I am very grateful for good health, and also a very great favor which I obtained through the intercession of St. Jude.—A. D. D., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Inclosed find five dollars for your mission in China. Three weeks ago I received a letter from you in which you inclosed a prayer to St. Jude. I commenced saying the prayer and promised to send an offering if the favor were granted. I have received it.—F. C. H., HOHOKUS, N. J.

I wish to offer public thanks to St. Jude for having obtained my favor. Inclosed find one dollar.—A. H. R., BROCKTON, MASS.

I wish to publish my thanks to the Sacred Heart, our Immaculate Mother, and St. Jude for obtaining for us a suitable home.—A. S. W., PITTSBURG, PA.

Please publish my thanks for favors received through the intercession of St. Jude.—A. M. S., SCRANTON, PA.

American and Catholic

The Basis of True Americanization

THE INTENT of the title which has been given to this consideration is, as its purpose generally will be, to indicate that for us Catholics in America our Catholic duty to God and our patriotic duty to the Republic are so closely intertwined that the two elements, religious and patriotic, must be combined to make a full man. That is a fact which every Catholic knows full well, but it may not be amiss to re-discuss the manner in which fidelity to country helps us to serve God better.

We Catholics are loyal to our country if we are good Catholics. We may not be of the variety that waves flags on each and every occasion and makes and listens to patriotic speeches with or without provocation. Nor are we, as bigots of single-track mind maintain because they have heard it said, eagerly awaiting the millenium that will bring the Pope to Washington, there to sit in regal state and order his minions to rack and torture all those who defy his holy rule.

If we really are good Catholics, we seek the golden mean, discover that place which love of country holds in our graduated duties, and pay tribute to it according to its proper meed. Our obligation to God, to home, to family, to self, to fellowmen, and to nation are closely connected and interdependent. The State, we know full well, is an offspring of the family; it was organized to protect the rights of families and the individuals who compose them, not to usurp those rights. Similarly, our duty to the Creator comes ahead of the claim which the State has upon us.

To insist upon those prior rights is not to be unpatriotic, but to practise patriotism in the highest degree. We read in the general resolutions of the Catholic Educational Association convention, held at Milwaukee last summer: "If the nation is to continue to be strong and prosperous, religious conviction and practice must be strengthened. Catholic schools and colleges, in seeking to develop character based upon religion, are thereby serving the highest interests of the Republic." A refractory child is taught to walk in the path of intellectual and moral sanity not by giving it its own way, but by curbing the evil and wilful inclinations which it manifests. And our legislators, acting at times like naughty children, need a good sound spanking to set them aright. When "Mickey" Walker, welterweight boxing champion, gave President

Coolidge a pair of boxing gloves on his recent visit to the White House, the President asked what he should do with them. "Use them on your next Congress!" was the sound advice Mickey gave him.

Are Catholics real patriots? Statistics of the late war bear out the fact that they are continuing to do their duty as fully in times of stress as they have in past crises. Sometimes, however, we fail in contributing our full share to the progress of our country, and that because we are not aggressive enough in the promotion of Catholicity. We believe firmly that we have the full truth as revealed by our Divine Savior, that our Church is the one true Church established by Him to carry on His work. We believe that our solution of the many ills that afflict the body politic, a solution based upon the religious principles established by God, is the only one that will really and definitely remove these ills. Why, then, don't we promote our remedies? Why don't we have more leaders? Why are Catholics so timid about asserting their constitutional rights? It's not that we are ashamed of our heritage, surely—we believe in it steadfastly as being the best way of performing the mission of a good catholic life.

IN HYATTSVILLE, Md., a Civics Study Club, organized by a Catholic and using the outline of the National Catholic Welfare Council, drew these words of praise from the principal of the public high school: "I cannot let the evening go by without expressing my great appreciation of a church that will spend the time and energy to compile an outline such as we have discussed." Why haven't we more examples of this kind of action? We must step out if we are to make our worth known. "We must realize," we read in the report of the convention of the Kansas City diocesan council of the National Council of Catholic Women, "that we are not an entity standing aloof from the rest of the world, but an integral part of this great country, and that we must win for ourselves the confidence of our fellowmen."

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, who so often says worthwhile things, declares in a recent definition of democracy: "If democracy is to maintain and to justify itself, it must displace its pasteboard heroes and its *papier mache* leaders of opinion who are constantly making democracy both a mockery and a jest, for leaders of tried and tested courage,

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of sound and well-grounded knowledge, and of that far-seeing vision by which alone a people may be kept from perishing. The anthills of civilization are always crowded; its beehives are often empty." The best, he says, is superlative, and in that lies the difficulty, for the great mass of mediocrity tries to pull down those of superior knowledge and ability. It cannot be denied that many of our political leaders have reached their exalted position, not through ability, but mainly through opposing their determined efforts, prompted by motives of self-interest, to the lackadaisical indifference of those who should feel it their patriotic duty to take the helm. Do not Catholics largely fall under this condemnation of blindness to the interests of America? Should not our Catholic leaders be more acutely concerned in the fate of our land?

To pass on to the problem of the Americanization of foreign elements, it is one that vitally interests Catholics, since most of the nations under the fire of criticism are those that are largely Catholic. Whether or not the accusations that are hurled at them be true, it is a question which merits our vivid interest, for those accusations have gained such credence that our new immigration legislation discriminates against such nations on the very plea of patriotic service. The "National Origins" which is intended to regulate immigration after July 1st, 1927, is purported to fix its ratio in proportion as "the various nationalities have contributed to the upbuilding of the American Republic." The question, then, that we must consider is this, in how far have we shown ourselves worthy of the privilege of American citizenship, and what can we do to set ourselves up as a better example, so that we may help to make the ideal a higher and more worthy one.

IT IS BUT NATURAL, and desirable that those who come to America from foreign countries should retain a liking for their homeland, but that affection must be tempered by and subordinate to their loyalty to the land of their adoption. The welfare of America must be first to American citizens, where their fundamental rights are not injured, and outside interests must be dropped where those interests would be prejudicial to their patriotic duty. Dr. Eliot of Harvard drew a storm of protest upon himself by proclaiming the unassimilation of the Jews and the Irish. And whatever the Doctor's first intent may have been, the subsequent explanation afforded by himself and his friends has shed a great deal of light on the point which I am trying to make.

"What we want," he says, "in this country is a number of races, with various gifts, each contri-

buting its own peculiar qualities to the common welfare." How different from the old idea of the melting pot, whereby various elements were to be poured into one vast unifying cauldron, whence they would emerge in a red-white-and-blue splendor of one hundred percentism! Dr. Nathan Crass, a New York rabbi, uses a comparison worth quoting: "Our democracy can best be likened to a symphony orchestra; each instrument is individual, yet all work together to produce harmony, not discord, guided by a common leader." Both the variety of instruments and the harmonious blending of their performance contribute to the beauty of the whole; similarly in our case, the right fusion of the laudable elements which every race or nation possesses will go to make our land a better one.

HUMAN can make an act of faith in his country, mark you, in any tongue—be it English or German, French or Italian, Slovak or Polish, Greek or even Japanese in which he phrases his words; his sentiment may be as truly American as the Declaration of Independence. A religious survey in St. Louis, conducted under Protestant auspices, calls attention to and commends the wisdom of the Catholic Church in providing priests of every required language for the spiritual consolation of immigrants, so that there should be no change whatever in their outlook, faith or practice. Their Americanization is thus made much easier, since the shock of separation is softened and the change made more gradual. And Miss Mary Padden of New York, assistant director of the Foreign Language Information Service, stressed the same point when she declared that the vast majority of the 1,200 foreign language newspapers in the United States are rendering the country a real service by dispensing citizenship information and helping to acquaint immigrants rapidly with American ideals, customs and institutions—an information which, in the ordinary course of events, they would acquire only with great effort and through an extended period of time. Certain it is that there are some instances in which alien interests are served by these papers, but such cases are comparatively few—Miss Padden declares that but sixty-three of these papers are radical in their editorial policy. And they hardly work more harm to American interests than do some of our excessively American institutions, as the yellow sheets, the gum-chewers' press, and the magazines and papers established to give a luxurious "thrill" to the shiek and his sheba.

The solution, therefore, is to realize that *virtus stat in medio* and to emulate its example. The accidental characteristics which surround immigrants from both Latin and Nordic lands are com-

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patible with a true regard for American liberty and a desire for the advancement of American interests, and we must work to effect the happy combination which will make good citizens. And where lies the key to that combination?

THIS MUCH we can safely assume, that the legislative mania with which our land is afflicted will not find a happy solution to whatever difficulty presents itself in the matter. It takes six hundred and fifty large volumes, we read, to hold in printed form the Supreme Court opinions on questions of constitutionality. The present process in this country is, if you have a pet peeve or a favorite project, have your Congressman put it into law. The perverse turn of human nature cannot be legislated into the paths of rectitude by the mere *ipse dixit* of Washington, even though bureaus innumerable, with appropriations yet more multitudinous, be created to effect the desired end. Man must be educated to obey laws, not forced into a submission as unstable as it is unwilling.

Man must be educated, that is, to appreciate citizenship as a privilege. "The ideal of citizenship herein expressed," says Dr. John A. Lapp in the introduction to his civics textbook, "The Catholic Citizen," "is the promotion of fair play, justice, and square dealing for all people. Governments are instituted for these purposes and religion is a powerful ally in the cause. When men apply to public affairs the same rules of moral conduct which govern their personal relations, and when they think of the moral duties and responsibilities as well as the rights of the citizen, we shall approach the realization of the ideal."

The first point, then, to be considered in the making of better citizens and a greater America is faithfulness in our duty to God, for its correlative is fidelity to country and to our fellowmen. And that means a more accurate and more intensive education in religious matters. The whole land, nay, the whole world, is beginning to awaken to this need. Our various evils, no matter what peculiar circumstances of time or place contribute to their spread, thrive mainly on the fact that we have forgotten the lore of the Divine, and have turned to the fleshpots of Egypt, to the sensuous and unreasoning enjoyment of gross, material things. The press has been filled latterly with the ideas of well-informed men on the need of religion in the advancement of patriotism, and several of these statements are well worth quoting.

In his inaugural address, Dr. Cloyd H. Marvin, president of the University of Arizona, called attention to the great part which religion has in the life of the individual and in the upbuilding of the

nation: "Our forefathers certainly had no intention of creating a godless, irreligious, or even non-religious education system." The principle of religious tolerance, therefore, certainly forbade their delving too deeply into the subject in legislative utterance, but they cannot but have appreciated the need of religious training.

And especially the words of Dean Clark of the University of Illinois, talking to the numerous Catholics in his student body, merit notice: "The foundation of moral character is religion. The surest guarantee of moral rectitude is a strong faith in God. The character that lacks that solid bedrock for a foundation, rests upon the unstable and shifting sands of human caprice. . . . You Catholic students should hold fast to your religious faith, and should practise it conscientiously during your school days at Illinois. *By so doing you will be better students of the University and better citizens of the state.*"

FIRM faith and trust in God, therefore, is indispensable to the spirit of real patriotism and a genuine desire to do one's duty to one's country. It will provide a motive for obedience to law, an obedience which we need sorely in these unsettled days of berserk legislation. It will give the moral courage which is necessary to provide the ship of state a safe journey through the troubled waters in which it so often finds itself. It will destroy the selfishness which encourages us to be heroes as long as everything goes right, but which urges us to flee at the slightest sign of danger or trouble.

We must come to realize, moreover, that an intelligent use of the ballot is a duty, a real duty which may bind us seriously when questions involving the welfare of our land are in the balance. The right to vote, like any other right, has its corresponding obligation of using the privilege and using it rightly. And while the Catholic priest cannot conscientiously use his God-given authority to advertise any particular candidate, he can and should urge his people to perform their full duty as citizens and go to the polls. And the Catholic heritage in which they have been raised will enable them to follow the voice of conscience in voting. If our constitutional rights are at times imperilled, can we, who have been so indifferent, entirely absolve ourselves from blame? Have we not been warned to keep constant watch, for the prince of evil and his forces are ever active in propagating their infamous schemes? Our Catholic Faith demands that we be foremost in the promotion of civic justice and of good government. So we are not loyal to our God if we are not loyal to our country. We cannot be good Catholics unless we

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are good citizens.

The burden of this argument, then, is that Catholics have not always been fully awake to their civic opportunities. Schools of virtue and character and good citizenship and whatnot are merely makeshift substitutes, intended to supplant the religious truths laid down under Divine guidance, the truths which tell us that we must love God with all our heart and mind and soul and energy, and that we must love our neighbor as ourselves for the love of God. We have maintained that Divine revela-

tion fully—surely we will not be afraid to confess it before the world! The ills which afflict our land clamor for the one true solution afforded by Christ. We must take our opportunity—we cannot compromise with our conscience for fear of offending unless we deny Him. Let us show ourselves truly American, as we are truly Catholic, by working with all our might and main to perform our duties and discharge our responsibilities conscientiously, that our example may prove our faithfulness to our stewardship.

Light In Darkness

A Fact-Story of the Luki Mission

IN THE STILL hush of eventide the sun sank to rest and the sky, catching up all its color, brightened from pink to gold then purple to grey. The golden gleams of the setting sun played graciously about the unpretentious Chinese farmhouse which nestled at the foot of a protecting range of low, and gently undulating hills. The mud-plastered walls and sombre roof were bathed in evanescent glory. A rick of straw standing to the left of the low building was transformed in an instant into a heap of glistening gold.

The sleepy twitters of nestling birds, the answering chirrup of crickets in the grass, the hoarse croaking of a frog in the nearby pond, were the only sounds that greeted the oncoming night.

Within the farmhouse, a fairly capacious building which consisted of a main room, two small bedrooms and a still smaller room used for storing grain, sweet-potatoes and agricultural implements, an old woman of three score and seven years busied herself with preparations for the evening meal. She hobbled about on her tiny bound feet, fetching rice bowls and bamboo chopsticks from the wooden cupboard standing in one corner of the room. These she placed on a square, unvarnished table facing the open doorway through which poured the splendor of the sun's last rays.

The only other furniture in the room consisted of a few narrow benches, a washing tub, some clay and iron cooking vessels piled in a heap on the beaten mud floor, and a large wooden bucket con-

BY WINIFRED A. FEELY

taining water. From pegs in the wall hung cooking ladles, a straw basket filled with cabbage and a few dried onions, and in a niche in the wall was a crude representation of the Kitchen God. Before this shrine two red candles burned brightly and a handful of incense sticks thrust into a small earthenware jar sent up spirals of smoke with a pungent odor that quickly penetrated every corner of the house.

The table set, the old woman went over to the stove fashioned of mud and sun-baked bricks whereon a pot of *kiaoliang* and chopped-up cabbage was cooking. Reassured that it boiled satisfactorily, she crossed to the doorway and stood on the threshold gazing without, shielding her eyes from the blaze of light with gnarled and work-worn hands.

In the distance she made out the figure of her old husband bending over the neatrows of cabbages amongst which he had been working from sunrise. Her daughter, a comely maiden, was not far off. The watcher glimpsed her dark blue cotton head-covering appearing every now and again over the low mud wall which separated the vegetable patch from the sweet-potato field. The girl held the handles of a primitive wooden plough drawn by a great horned, slate colored water-buffalo.

As she stood there surveying the rural scene, her heart filled with quiet content, the old woman's thoughts commenced to travel backwards. She dwelt upon those dreadful months when famine

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stalked the countryside, when the parched soil yielded no sustenance and whole families perished miserably of starvation. Had not three of her own children died whilst she was powerless to prevent it, being nigh unto death herself? How deaf to their anguished cries and prayers were the gods of those days! And the hundreds who left their farms and homes to seek for rice in the far-off cities. how few of them ever returned!

With what gratitude she remembered how the foreign *Sen Fu* (Spiritual Father) of the *T'ien chu t'ang* (Catholic Mission) had come to their rescue when all hope was abandoned. Though they were not of his fold, he had daily given them bowls of rice and so tided them over those heart-breaking times.

She thought, with a gnawing ache at her heart, of their only surviving son, the joy of their old age. But two months ago he had been dragged off by the soldiers scouring the country districts for recruits. It seemed as if he had been gone for years so greatly did they miss him. What if he never returned to gladden the hearts of his aged parents, his devoted sister, his sick wife and that precious first-born son, their grandson, born during his lamented absence. . . . no! no! surely the gods would protect him! Were not candles and joss sticks burned before the household shrine every day? And was not food offered as well? Such offerings cost money and since money was scarce their purchase necessitated many sacrifices!

Drought, famine, flood, bereavement. . . . she marvelled that she had survived them all, wondering if there was worse to come. She shivered as there crept into her mind terrible tales of battling soldiers; of looting and killing; miseries of war in far-off towns; bandits pillaging defenceless hamlets alas! alas! was there to be no end to sorrow and unrest?

The arrival of her husband and daughter put an end to her musings and she hurried within to set their supper before them.

There was not much conversation throughout that meal for the toilers were weary and hungry.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a low moaning. The old woman left her seat at the table and hurried into the inner room whence the sound had come. On a wooden bed, covered with a *pu kai* lay her daughter-in-law who had a week previously given birth to a man child and now lay dying. The child slept peacefully in its cradle fashioned of plaited bamboo lacquered a bright red and balanced on wooden rockers, blissfully unaware of the footsteps of death coming nearer. . . . ever nearer. . . .

Sensing the presence of someone at her bedside, the sick woman opened her eyes and seeing her mother-in-law, whispered feebly, "He has not come? . . . then I shall not see him take up his son and give me honor," and whimpering plaintively she turned her head to the wall.

A shaft of golden light broke through the dusty surface of the small window lighting the dim room and came to rest over the cradle.

The young mother stirred and opening her fever laden eyes saw the roseate glow illuminating the unconscious babe. "Look old Mother, look!" she exclaimed, her voice growing stronger with excitement, "Heaven smiles on our treasure. . . it is a good omen. . . he is thrice blessed! I must soon walk in the shadowy spirit land, but my son will walk. *in light!*" She did not speak again but lay with closed eyes, moaning faintly at intervals.

The brief twilight hour passed. Darkness descended. As the night wind sighed about that humble abode, the Angel of Death entered.

Shrill lamentations and wailings broke on the stillness of the night. The child slept whilst the living mourned the dead.

It had rained heavily all day and the narrow road was ankle deep in mire. A biting wind howled around the clusters of Chinese houses whose doors were tightly closed against its wintry blasts. The priest in charge of the Catholic Mission of Luki in the province of Hunan, was returning from an evening sick call to an outlying village. It was close on six o'clock when he neared the doorway of his residence and heard the thin wailing of a child. There, huddled up on the steps at the entrance of the compound, he discovered an old Chinese woman clasping in her arms a cloth-wrapped bundle whence emanated the cries. Peering down the priest was relieved to see that the woman lived, though his experienced eyes noted that her life was swiftly drawing to a close. Hastily he rapped on the door and then bent down to take the bundle out of her arms. At this the woman, half dead with exhaustion, opened her fast dimming eyes and into them dawned the light of recognition. . . . "Foreign *Sen Fu*" she murmured, "*Kwan Yin* (the Goddess of Mercy) has guided my steps". . . . and she suffered him to take the child.

At a word from the priest the *kai mun-ti* (gate keeper) hurried off for assistance. Soon the refugees were carried within. "Souls for the Christ Child" murmured the priest, as he held the babe pressed to his breast where, beneath his great coat lay the pyx which so lately had carried the Blessed Viaticum to a soul setting forth on its last journey.

Hot tea and restoratives administered, the ex-

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hausted woman rallied the last remnants of those flickering energies and poured into the sympathetic ears of the priest a heartbreaking tale of stark horror and misery.

She reviewed the sufferings of famine, drought and flood and so came to this last and dreadful tragedy. "Ah, *Laotze*" (old scholar) she continued, "When came the grandson we thought that Heaven smiled and that all might be well once more. Alas! alas! one evil day brought the *tou fei* (bandits) who killed my venerable husband for naught else but that he did beg them to leave us in peace. Those sons of dogs took all....*all*.... even the honor of my daughter! That precious blossom of my heart who made the flowers dance when she sang, so sweet was her breath, now lies at the bottom of the pond where she cast herself in grief and shame. They gave no heed to the voice of this old woman but took all that they could seize; set fire to the house and then fled in the darkness. The child was untouched and I carried him from the fierce tongues of fire. We passed that night crouched beside the graves of our fathers that stand in the midst of our fields. By morning there remained nothing....nothing....only the smoking ruins to tell of all that had been sacrificed to the Fire God. Ah woe is me! that my son who so dutifully performed the virtues of filial piety should have been carried off by soldiers. He has never returned and my heart tells me that he too walks in the spirit land where soon I shall seek him. Does not a son of the soil die of a broken heart when in exile far from the home of his fathers? *Ai yah! Ai yah!* my son, my son! You owed it to me your mother who reared you to have lived that you might have been the support and protector of my old age! The child is his, born after he was taken away. Long did the mother of the babe fret for her husband. She ate of bitterness and none could comfort her; her tears dried only with Death. Benevolent *Sen Fu*, thou who gavest us rice in our dire need....take him, this helpless child whose first weeks on earth have been fraught with sorrow. I beg this of you for have I not heard that never are little ones turned away who are placed under your beneficent protection? You will care for him? Then indeed will my spirit go in peace!.....No...no.... great Father....I desire not to be a Christian, I am old and weary and it is not meet that I forsake the ways of my forefathers when the sands of my miserable life run quickly to their end! Verily I hear the spirits of my husband and children call....I go now that I may minister to their needs.....the child is yours, gladly I give him to you that he may

learn of your wisdom and great heart. You will not let him forget us? Nay, you will not, I know! His prayers will follow us, his people, where we walk in darkness.....in darkness.....

Towards dawn the old woman died.

As the priest stood gazing at that face in death he noted the lines of sadness and care had given place to the serenity of an ineffable peace.

He thought of her life with its misery and hardship; of millions of other souls in China deprived of the consolations of Faith; of the countless numbers harried by war, by bandits, by famine, and who ate of the bitter bread of sorrow; and then he thought of the Infinite Mercy of God which had guided the wandering steps of the woman now dead so that after her long Calvary and with no definite goal in her mind, she had found shelter in the house of a servant of the Lord Christ.

And thus it came to pass that the strangely prophetic words of a dying woman in a far-off humble farmhouse were fulfilled. The child, baptized Paul, *walks in the light* of Christian grace!

IN THE East, it is Catholicism that stands for much that we associate with Protestantism. It is Catholicism that is, by comparison, plain and practical and scornful of superstition, and concerned for social work. It is Greek Orthodoxy that is stiff with gold and gorgeous with ceremonial, with its hold on ancient history and its inheritance of imperial tradition. In the cant of our own society, we may say it is the Roman who rationalizes, and the Greek who Romanizes. It is the Roman Catholic who is impatient with Russian and Greek childishness, and perpetually appealing for common sense. It is the Greek who defends such childishness as childlike faith, and would rebuke such common sense as common scepticism. I do not speak of the theological tenets, or even the deeper emotions involved, but only...of contrasts visible even in the street.—G. K. CHESTERTON in *The New Jerusalem*.

There are two ways of being happy. We may either diminish our wants or augment our means—either will do—the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be easiest.

If you are idle or sick or poor, however hard it may be to diminish your wants, it will be harder to augment your means.—FRANKLIN

Herod's Palace: *The Seventh Chapter in The Highway of the Cross*

THE TETRARCH of Galilee, Herod Antipas, to whom Pilate had remanded our Lord in the hope that he would undertake the case and its responsibilities, was a prince whose career had been as disgraceful as his character was weak and vicious. He was a son of Herod the Great by his fourth wife, Malthace the Samaritan. He and his younger brother, Archelaus, had been educated at Rome, where they were hostages for their father's fidelity to the Emperor Augustus.

Sons of royalty they had enjoyed the best society, literary and artistic, of the imperial city in her palmiest day. On his return to Palestine Herod had married, for political reasons, the daughter of Aretas, king of Arabia Petraea, but the marriage was not happy. Soon afterwards the brothers were again in Rome, each pleading his cause before the Emperor, Archelaus seeking to have their father's will maintained, Herod Antipas to have it set aside. Herod was unsuccessful, and, still worse for himself, during this stay in Rome he made the acquaintance of Herodias, wife of another half-brother, Philip, who, of retiring disposition and literary tastes, was residing there as a private citizen.

Herodias, herself a grand-child of Herod the Great by his first and loved wife Mariamne, the Asmonean princess, seems to have inherited the love of power and display, the courage and tenacity of purpose of her Maccabean ancestors, without a trace of their high principles and unswerving fidelity to right. For, on his return, she followed the Tetrarch to Galilee, accompanied by her daughter, Salome. Then, without any pretence of divorce on either side, Herod contracted a union with her which he declared to be lawful, and she appeared at Tiberias as his wife and queen. Rome easily condoned the offence, and stayed the troops of Aretas from inflicting a second defeat on the army of Herod. The Sanhedrin was silent—what effect any anathema on a man half Idumean and half Samaritan, a Jew in name only, a pagan at heart! The people murmured, but dared nothing more. Only one voice was heard vindicating the law of God—the voice of John the Baptist. Herod listened with some respect and fear; passion however was too strong. But Herodias hated the Baptist, and even sought his life. Partly yielding to her vindictiveness, and partly to prevent rescue by the populace, Herod placed St. John in the far-away

gloomy fortress of Machaerus in the desert east of the Dead Sea. The horror of the birthday banquet has sealed itself upon the imagination of the world. The king, excited by wine and by the dancing of Salome, who appeared before his guests in a shameless dance of Rome, swore to give her whatever she should ask. Then came silence and wonder whilst the daughter consulted her infamous mother, the pitiless request, the reluctant consent, and under the festive lights the bleeding head on the silver salver.

No wonder then when our Lord appeared in Galilee preaching, working miracles, and winning the hearts of the people, Herod in his remorse feared that He was John the Baptist come to life again; and he desired much to see and hear Him. But our Lord would not set foot in that royal city of Tiberias, the new capital of Galilee. To avoid the emissaries of Herod, He had once gone far north-west among the Phoenicians of Tyre and Sidon, and once far north to Cæsarea-Philippi in Iturea; and once, when told that Herod desired to kill Him, He had called him a fox.

And now at last they were to meet, in the holy city, during the great national festival, amid vast throngs of men—the Prophet of Nazareth at the mercy of the Tetrarch of Galilee.

FOR WAS the place of their meeting less significant. The residence of Herod at Jerusalem was the ancient palace of the Asmoneans, built by John Hircanus I, son of Simon, the third of the brothers whose valor released Judea from the yoke of Syria. It was probably the property of Herodias, sole heiress to the late dynasty. Situated at the north-eastern corner of Mount Sion it stood opposite Mount Moriah and the Temple buildings, from which it was separated by a ravine called the Tyropœan valley. Here it was crossed by a viaduct or bridge, so that there was easy access for the pontiff-kings from their palace to the southern—the royal—porch of the Temple. It was a large edifice, grecian in style, sumptuous in appointments, and had in front a great square, called the Xyztus, for the assemblies of the people.

The mercenary soldiers of Herod who guarded his residence must have noticed the unusual stir in the neighborhood when our Lord was conducted from the high priest's palace to Antonia, as later the procession left Antonia and made its way—

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whether through the valley or across the bridge is uncertain—to Herod's palace. Thus the Tetrarch and his friends having been notified of its coming, were prepared for its reception, and were at the height of expectation of seeing and hearing the Prophet of Nazareth and of witnessing some marvels at His word.

It is between eight and nine o'clock that our Lord, under the conduct of the Centurion and his men, is ushered into the presence of Herod, and Pilate's courteous message delivered to that prince. The representatives of the Sanhedrin, priests, scribes, and heads of families, are also admitted, conveying from that highest tribunal the death sentence, and the demand for its execution.

Herod at first seems not unkind, the suffering and helpless condition of the Accused appeals to him, and he desires to conciliate in the hope of seeing some miracles. He asks Christ many questions, of His parents, His home at Nazareth, His avocation; of His preaching, His doctrine, His miracles; why He had favored Capharnaum and the fishing villages of the sea, and the desert opposite, visited the towns and traversed the rich valleys of Lower Galilee, yet Tiberias, Herod's own lordly city, had never heard His voice nor seen any of His wonderful works. Our Lord is silent; He stands with bowed head; there is no answering word or look. A slight laugh breaks from some of the courtiers. Herod, to hide his vexation, joins in; even the soldiers are heard laughing. They agree that the man is an impostor; now that the infatuation of the people is gone, and His strange career over, He seems an imbecile.

THE MEMBERS of the Sanhedrin, outraged that their authority and sentence should be treated so lightly, and that their condemned prisoner made fun of, hold their ground and press their demand more loudly and insistently. Herod gives them little heed, rather their vexation and anger gratify him. Then, partly to amuse himself and his friends, partly to show his contempt of the accusation laid before him, and mocking the idea of kingship, he causes "the white garment" to be placed on our Lord. It is a robe of splendid and glittering whiteness, of cloth of silver, from his own royal wardrobe, and such as oriental kings then wore on state occasions. Its folds of gleaming white and shaded silver fall round the weak, suffering frame and beneath the sorrowful face. The laughter grows louder, and the mockery bitter.

Still our Lord will not break His silence. He had reproached Judas, remonstrated with Annas, spoken by loving glance to Peter, answered Cai-phas, conversed with Pilate. But there is neither

word nor look for Herod; the scoffer is unheeded; the descendant of Esau goes in the way of Esau, the way of the lost blessing. His head is bowed, His face is bleeding, silence is on His lips, the gleaming whiteness trembles over His torn garments and suffering body, and they mock His kingship—Herod, his courtiers, his mercenaries, these fair-haired, blue-eyed soldiers from the banks of the Danube, deride Him, not knowing that His kingdom "is not of this world."

HEROD WAS too shrewd to burden himself with the responsibility of a case that, however lightly he might view it, had many elements of danger. There was, therefore, nothing for him to do but remit it to the Roman Procurator, intimating that he also could find no cause for death, and that he ignored the sentence of the Sanhedrin. A wave of his hand to the Centurion, a last look of scornful pity on the prisoner, the coldest of salutes to the Jewish deputation, and all passed in order from his presence.

Our Lord must force His failing strength and weary feet to tread another of the painful journeyings towards Calvary. Herod's palace was on the site of the house of cedars, which Solomon had built for himself, and from whose terrace he could gaze on the greater house he had built for God on the opposite hill, and now a "greater than Solomon" joins the two heights by step after step in exhaustion and pain amid insult and menace. Along this way the pontiff-kings of the valiant race had gone in priestly dignity and royal garb from palace to Temple; now the High Priest of Creation, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords traverses it—only the gleam from time to time of a white and shining robe amid the accoutrements of a Roman guard. They pass beside the magnificent buildings of Herod's Temple, its lines of white marble and golden pinnacles shining in the light, all its beauties born afresh in the growing splendor of the morning, but, crowded though it be for the morning sacrifices, the Holy of Holies is long emptied of the treasures it should guard, and its Lord passes it by for the last time.

Then there is again clamor at the gate of Antonia; Jerusalem, not knowing "the day of her visitation," demands the death of the Just at the tribunal of the Roman Governor!

A kind act has picked up many a fallen man who has afterwards slain his tens of thousands for his Lord, and entered the Heavenly City as a conqueror.—FATHER FABER.

"Learn of Me"

The Appeal of Jesus Crucified

OUR LORD has been pleased to reveal to us the beauty of His character under a variety of titles. He called Himself Friend, Father, Bridegroom, wishing to give us from every angle, as it were, a complete picture of that Divine, yet Human Love of His Sacred Heart for each one of us. He told the story of the prodigal Son and then pictured Himself as the indulgent Father who joyfully received him back. He pointed to Himself as the perfect Friend who was to lay down His life for His friends. He declared Himself to be the Bridegroom of our souls, wedded to our human nature and sharing in common our life of many trials and much suffering.

All these titles seem to reveal Love alone,—His tender and all-embracing Love. There is yet another title that sums up all the others and gives a hint of something more. He calls Himself the Good Shepherd. In this beautiful allegory, we see the fondness of a Father in His care of the sheep; the love of a Friend, Bridegroom and Savior in His willingness to lay down His life for them. But there is also this: "When He—the Good Shepherd—hath led out His own sheep, He goeth before them: *and the sheep follow Him*, because they know His voice." He had already said: "If any man will be my disciple, let him take up His cross daily and follow Me." It is evident that we are His disciples, "His own sheep," only on condition that we follow Him. And the motive must be that love of His by which He shouldered His own Cross and laid down His life for us.

In a sense the task is appalling. The virtues that adorned His soul were the most perfect and heroic. They were the virtues of a God-Man. This difficulty He himself has considered and provided for. Lest we be overcome by the magnitude of the task, waste our efforts or scatter our energies, He has chosen and pointed out, from the countless virtues He possesses, only two for our imitation. "Learn of Me," He says, "Learn of Me to be meek and humble of heart."

Examples of His meekness and humility abound in the story of His Life, but particularly in His Sacred Passion does He give shining examples of them. Then it was that His meekness was tried beyond merely human endurance and His humility sounded depths which St. Paul calls "annihila-

tion"—"He emptied Himself." One scene in that Divine Tragedy is particularly worthy of consideration by those who desire to follow Him, because it contains all the elements that require the exercise of both meekness and humility.

When the soldiers had bound Jesus with cords and ropes after His Agony in the Garden, they led Him through the streets of Jerusalem at that midnight hour to the house of Annas. This chief of the Pharisees,—this wolf in sheep's clothing,—had plotted for three years to ensnare Jesus and to bring about His Death. Now, at last, he has Jesus in his power and he loses no time. Our Divine Savior is put on trial and questioned concerning His disciples and His doctrine. The proceeding was altogether illegal, first, because it was not lawful to hold a trial before morning and, secondly, because Annas had no right to preside at such a trial. His Son-in-Law, Caiphas, was High-Priest for that year and only the High-Priest could lawfully assemble the Jewish court. Nevertheless, Jesus ignored the illegality of the trial and respectfully answered the questions put to Him. And, then, one of the servants standing by, pretending to see a lack of respect in the answer, gave Jesus a resounding blow in the Face.

If we consider all the circumstances of this scene in the courtroom from the view-point of human reason, we become convinced that some awful punishment should quickly overtake the man who struck that blow.

OF ALL forms of insult that can be offered to a man the most shameful and brutal is to strike him in the face. No matter how low his state or condition in life, he will feel keenly and resent bitterly such an insult. The horrible murders that sometimes result from such an indignity are sufficient testimony to this fact. But it is even a greater insult when inflicted on a man who has obtained a high place in the esteem of his fellow-men either by his moral worth or by some noteworthy achievement. Now, our Lord Jesus Christ could and did stand before His very enemies and ask: "Which of you shall convince me of Sin?" They had watched Him and spied upon Him for three years and yet, such was the perfection of His moral character that not even the bitterest of His enemies

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could pick a flaw in it.

Moreover, there was not at that time in all Palestine anyone who stood so high in the estimation of the people. They followed Him in crowds charmed by the wisdom that fell from His Divine lips; they cried out in admiration at the Power He wielded over inanimate nature, diseased bodies and even the icy grip of death; they loved Him when they saw Him mingle His tears with those of a desolate widow or when He took to His Heart in a fond embrace their innocent children.

THROUGH His moral worth, His Divine powers and his loveable human qualities, Jesus had attained such popularity that only a short time before His death, the High Priest Caiphas said, "Behold the whole world is gone out after Him!" Those to whom he spoke, saw these words literally fulfilled a few days later. Jesus appeared in Jerusalem and the people came in crowds to welcome Him. They spread their garments in the way before Him while they chanted their hymn of welcome. "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!" But, now, standing before His cruel enemies, surrounded by common soldiers, He is publicly humiliated by a cruel blow in the Face. Consequently, judged from human standards Jesus must be avenged and His honor upheld.

On the part of the soldier who struck Him, it was a cowardly blow: Jesus stood with His hands tied, friendless and alone in that gathering of cruel enemies and brutal soldiers. It was moreover, a blow directed by the basest ingratitude; for it is a tradition of the early Church that this wretch was Malchus, the soldier whose ear Jesus had healed in the garden after St. Peter had struck it off with his sword. This fact, besides revealing the ingratitude of that soldier, shows us also the boldness, the insolence that actuated him. Twice that night, he had witnessed the effects of our Saviors miraculous power, once, when, by a mere word, He cast to the ground the whole band of soldiers; again, when Jesus by a single touch restored and healed his ear and, yet, he dared to raise his hand and smite Jesus in the Face in such a brutal, cowardly, ungrateful manner.

All this, fills us with astonishment, but we have so far considered it as an insult to Jesus in so far as He was Man. What shall we say when we consider the sacrilegious effrontery of that man to strike such a blow in the very Face of God. We are told that Angels veil their faces before the Majesty and Purity of that Face. In Holy Scripture, we read that on one occasion when the Ark of the Covenant seemed about to fall, Oza, the

Priest, put forth his hand to steady it and he was struck dead by the Lord God for his lack of reverence. On another occasion a priest put fire that was not blessed in the censer and he also was struck dead. Again we read that Core, Dathan and Abiron set themselves up against Moses and Aaron whom God had appointed as His representatives over the people and they were swallowed down alive into the bottomless pit. What punishment, then, should be inflicted on the man who with sacrilegious boldness, clenched his hand and struck His God in the Face.

Think of it, Jesus Christ the all-holy God accused of disrespect and for that is brutally struck in the Face by a vile servant. How the Angels must have looked at each other in amazement at the sight of such an insult offered to the God of Infinite Majesty by a vile worm of earth. We can imagine them veiling their faces in dread expectation of the chastisement that must surely follow. If lightening fell from heaven upon him or if the earth opened and swallowed him down, we would think that he was mercifully dealt with. But what is our astonishment, when we see our Lord Jesus Christ turn to that soldier with unruffled calmness and say in tones of meekness: "If I have spoken evil, give testimony of the evil; but if well, why striketh thou Me?"

What an example of humility and meekness! His reputation before the world, the act of this soldier, so brutal, cowardly and ungrateful, His dignity as the Son of God—three powerful motives to urge Jesus to take immediate and terrible revenge on that man. He had every right to do so and, what is more, He had the power. But the only revenge He takes is that gentle rebuke: "If I have spoken evil give testimony of the evil; but if well, why striketh thou Me?" And if we are to believe a tradition of the early Church, this soldier found in the meekness and humility of Jesus a motive for becoming a Christian.

IN CONTEMPLATING such a scene and such an example, human reason is confounded and human pride is rebuked. In this age and country, we see on all sides pride, anger, revenge, rebellion against authority, independence and disobedience,—vices condemned by Christ and entirely opposed to His example. This were bad enough but we find those guilty of them calmly and in the light of mere reason call them virtues. These are the strong, manly, American virtues, they say. They boast that they possess them and teach them to their children. They ignore the teaching of Christ and shut their eyes to the example of His humility and meekness.

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And yet, in the Sermon on the Mount, His opening words were: "Blessed are the poor in spirit: Blessed are the meek." He gives utterance in the very beginning of that wonderful discourse, to the love that He bore toward these virtues. Later, when the Apostles disputed who should be the first in the new Kingdom, Jesus took a little child, set him in the midst and said: "Unless you become as this little child, you shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Even Apostles to whom the devils were subject could not enter that Kingdom unless they were meek and humble of heart.

Consequently those with a trained ear, so to speak,—the sheep that know His voice—will hearken to those words that come from His Sacred Heart: "Learn of Me to be meek and humble of heart." It should be impossible for those for whom He suffered so much to refuse the *one* thing that He asks. It is not that He wishes us to pay dearly for the redemption that cost Him so much, because, in issuing His invitation to imitate the meekness and humility of His Heart, He merely wishes us to share more completely in the fruits of that redemption. "You shall find rest for your souls" is the first promise to those who imitate Him. They will no longer be tossed about by storms of anger, pride, rebellion against authority, but they will have the priceless treasure of possessing their souls in patience. They will come into possession of

that peace which surpasseth all understanding and which will keep their minds and hearts in Christ Jesus, our Lord.

BESIDES they will be able to extend to others the fruits of Christ's Passion. This fact is best illustrated by the story of the missionary in China. He was preaching to a gathering of pagans. One man in the audience was deeply impressed. Just then another man left the crowd, went up to the preacher and spat in his face. "Now," said the former, "I will see what this preacher does." The missionary calmly took out his handkerchief, wiped his face and went on preaching. But he had made his first convert. The man who was not impressed by his preaching was completely won over by such humility and meekness. So it will always be, because it is our Lord's own method of dealing with men. It was by the humility and meekness of His Heart that He drew souls to Himself, from the publican who became the Apostle Matthew to the poor thief on the Cross.

Those who contemplate the meekness and humility of Jesus in His Sacred Passion will soon become like unto that Divine Model; they will possess a peace that the world cannot give and their influence and example will be the means of bringing to Jesus Crucified those souls for whom He suffered and died.

TWICE since 1917 the Mexican Government has given explicit assurances to the Government of the United States that anti-Catholic policies would not be revived, and on one occasion Obregon sent a plenipotentiary to Cardinal Gibbons to give him the same assurances. When at the end of 1923 our present Administration took the law into its own hands and sold arms (if the transaction was ever terminated by a full payment, which one might query) to the Obregon Government, simultaneously *prohibiting* their sale to de la Huerta, we acquired a virtual suzerainty over Mexico. I do not intend to take the merits of that issue up here; but I say with the utmost emphasis that this suzerainty shall not be given effect at all, if it is to be so exercised merely to benefit investment interests, and not at the same time to compel the respect of the elementary principles of justice in

our "mandated" state. Nor will the ill-concealed approval of the Calles régime by the American Federation of Labor or by Progressives in Congress pass unchallenged. Just as good Progressives and labor sympathizers as any of the professionals of either category have not forgotten that neither of the latter could be aroused to protest against the unconstitutional and unsound sale of arms to Mexico in January, 1924—an evil precedent for a country which was to take so large a part in the Geneva arms traffic conference of May, 1925. The failure of professional Progressives and labor men to comprehend, even now, the sinister connections between the Calles clique and the great investment interests here, up to the time of their quarrel fifteen months ago, robs them of any title to furnish the country with its sadly needed guidance in this connection.—CONSTANTINE M. E. McGUIRE, PH. D.

Archconfraternity Comment

(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for February, 1927)

THE INTENTION for this month is "Our Missionaries in China." Reports of conditions in the Far East make it our duty to solicit once more the prayers of the Archconfraternity for our religious far away in the interior of North Hunan.

LAY APOSTOLATE

ONE of our New York newspapers has submitted to its readers a religious questionnaire. The answers show that many in this Christian country do not believe in Christ, indeed, if we can credit their sincerity, do not believe in God at all.

Such answers, however, do not surprise those who know something of religious conditions in this country, who are aware that more than half of our American population do not think enough of God to give Him public worship once in the week, while most of the others are becoming disgusted with the divisions and wranglings outside the Church, and are giving up the practices of religion altogether.

Amidst this turmoil is a body of twenty million Catholics, members of a body of four hundred millions of souls throughout the world, who are one in their religious beliefs and practices, as they have been for nineteen hundred years, who never change because they know that they have the unchanging truth of God, Whose Divine Son established their Church and teaches through it and lives with it as He promised to do "all days even to the consummation of the world."

You know that this Catholic Faith of yours is being attacked today on all sides, over the radio, through the press, on the stage, in the street. Even good religious people look upon it as old-fashioned and out-of-date.

Many, too, on the other hand, are looking to the Church for the light they cannot get outside.

As Catholics, then, it behooves us to know some-

thing of our Faith in these days, to defend it against the attacks being made upon it, to give an answer to those looking for the light and finally to hold that Faith ourselves.

Why do so many Catholics lose the Faith? Very often because they do not know what they possess, and not knowing this "pearl of great price," do not appreciate it, or guard it as they should. Unless we have an intellectual grasp of our Faith, at least in some measure, unless we are convinced that we are in the right and know why we are convinced, we are in danger of being swept away from the Faith of our Fathers, just as so many others have been carried away.

Nineteen centuries ago St. Peter, writing to the first Christians, said, "Be prepared to give a reason for the hope that is in you." Today that message comes to us with peculiar force, "Be prepared to give a reason for the hope, the faith that is in you." We owe it to our own intellects; we owe it to the cause of Jesus Christ; we owe it to the souls of those about us to be able to give the reasons for the faith that is in us. Be prepared, because otherwise, you will not be able to defend the Church against the attacks made upon her, you will not be able to lead back to the arms of our Blessed Lord those looking for the light, you will not be able to hold the Faith yourself.

In a letter in these columns several months ago, a reader said that we should not take up the work of the Lay Apostolate because our lay Catholics do not know enough about their Faith. In answer we said that one of the chief aims of the Apostolate will be to instruct our lay Catholics that they may have a more intelligent grasp of the fundamentals of their Faith.

Our watchword will be "Zeal according to knowledge."

Our program will be outlined here next month.

THE ARCHCONFRATERNITY OF THE SACRED PASSION

The Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion has been generously enriched with indulgences for the living and the dead. The only essential condition for membership is to have one's name registered. There are three degrees of membership. FIRST DEGREE Members make daily Five Offerings of the Precious Blood in honor of the Five Wounds of Christ. SECOND DEGREE Members make the Stations of the Cross once a week, besides saying the prayers of the First Degree. THIRD DEGREE Members make five to ten minutes Meditation daily on the Passion besides saying the prayers of the First and Second Degrees. The SPIRITUAL ACTIVITY of the Archconfraternity consists in a CRUSADE OF PRAYERS and GOOD WORKS for missionary work at home and in China. Membership will increase your personal devotion to Christ Crucified. Send your name for enrollment to THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.

Janet Moffat: *Indulges in a Flight of Fancy*

JANET MOFFAT, all a-tremor, rose very early that morning. As she put on her things with trembling fingers in her bleak, second floor back room, she ran to her window and looked out.

"A fine, clear day," she thought with relief. Now if it had been raining as it threatened the night before. . . ! She shivered. .

When she was dressed in an old blue serge middie blouse and skirt she stood expectantly behind her slightly opened door. She could have been down the first one and busied herself about the breakfast, but as she wanted things to appear as usual she waited and waited.

Finally her Uncle William leisurely descended the stairs from his room on the floor above. Through a crack in her door she could see him go by, a tall thin old man with a dried brown face and with something of a boyish air still about him. He wore an ancient gray cardigan jacket over his clothes. It was November but the house was as yet unheated for Uncle William tended the furnace himself and each year he put off beginning this trouble as long as possible.

The girl heard him open and close the hall door. She knew exactly what he was doing,—taking in the bottle of milk, the two loaves of bread and the Tribune. These he would place on the dining room table that had been laid the night before. Then he would go down to the basement and start the coffee on the gas range.

After a while Janet still taut and watchful saw her Aunt Emma come out of the front bedroom and slowly pass through the hall on her way below, a short heavy woman, older than her brother William but with the same dark-hued complexion. Her gray hair was drawn into a tight bunch. Her thick purple house robe gave a greenish tinge to her sallow skin.

Every morning Uncle and Aunt prepared breakfast. Janet was not expected down until things were under way. She was still a child to the old people.

This morning she hung impatiently over the staircase. When the smell of coffee cooking and bread toasting and the sound of dishes rattling on the table rose up to her, then she walked down the faded carpeted stairs in her usual decorous way.

She gave herself a hasty, appraising glance in

BY ETHEL KING

the pier glass at the foot of the stairs. What would a man see in her? Would he like her? A little colorless thing. No one ever took her to be twenty-one, old enough to vote if she wanted to, which she didn't.

She slipped into the dining room, the "back parlor" as Aunt Emma persisted in calling it. This old brother and sister had eaten their meals for many years in this room. In the past when there had been more money, when things had been cheaper, servants had waited on them. Now they served themselves there, never thinking of using the more convenient front basement dining room. They were set in their ways.

Janet silently took her place at the old-fashioned square table. This was an undemonstrative household not given to morning greetings. Such were unnecessary here, for after a while somebody would say something of general interest and the presence of the others would be thus acknowledged.

In a few moments Aunt Emma spoke up and with some mild surprise.

"Why, you've curled your hair, Janet."

Janet's face reddened. "Yes," she murmured. The night before she had put up her soft mousey hair on twisted papers and now it stood out around her head in an unbecomingly tightly crinkled mass. Her Uncle William inspected her casually over the top of his Tribune, then went on reading and drinking his coffee.

FOR DAYS the girl had been dreading this last breakfast. She thought it would be dawdled through, in the deliberate way her kinsfolk had of doing all things. There was never any need of hurry in this house. But this morning. . . Did things really move more quickly than ordinary, or did it only seem so? Breakfast was over before she knew it, and then she realized with a pang, before she *wanted* it to be over.

All rose from the table. It was Wednesday. Two days a week Aunt Emma went marketing. This was one of the days. This marketing was a cautious process that occupied a whole morning. Aunt Emma lumbered up the stairs to make ready for it.

Uncle William put on his ulster and as he walked off drawled the announcement he too was going out, downtown to the tax office. Each year about this time he had to make a tortured, worried trip to this trying place, to convince suspicious

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officials that his assessment was too high. After much haggling the authorities would give in to him. Then the next year the old steep tax would be levied on him again, and again he would be forced to journey down and renew his laborious appeal.

JANET cleared the table. The dishes that shook in her hands she placed on the dumb waiter and pulled it down.

In the kitchen she went about flurried and hasty, washing and drying the dishes. Her Aunt came in dressed for the street. Underneath her big brown coat was an out-of-date black and white foulard. On her head rested an ugly garnet colored little hat. She looked homely and motherly and she spoke briskly in contrast to her slow movements.

"I'm going now, Janet," she informed her niece, "We won't have lunch till late. You know it takes your Uncle so long to find his way around downtown."

The girl was bending over drying the last cup. She raised her head and said softly, "Good-by."

Aunt Emma turned at the kitchen door with, "You look kind of pale. Don't you feel good?"

Janet put an effort into her words, "I feel all right." And she smiled.

The old woman nodded and moved on, talking as she walked through the narrow black hall, "I'll get you to take some of that tonic to-night."

She went out the basement way. Janet hearing the gate click after her took a long frightened breath. She was alone now. She must...hurry. She had promised to meet him at ten at the Grand Central. The kitchen clock indicated that it was then a quarter after nine. The clock was always slow, Janet knew. So she must hurry.

She ran up the first flight of stairs, but as she began the second series of steps her feet dragged. She impelled herself on to her little room. It was a great day, a *great day*, she whispered to herself encouragingly. A girl's wedding day was the greatest and happiest in her life. Everyone always said that. It *must* be so!

She took a final peep into her shabby leather bag carefully packed the night before. Everything was in good order there. It was her trousseau! She had often seen gaily pictured in fashion magazines pagefuls of dainty articles for brides. So when she found out that she was going to be married she had sat up at nights after her folks thought she was in bed, and had painstakingly manufactured some things for herself,—a handkerchief bordered with lace, a boudoir cap out of a length of pink ribbon, a tiny apron with perky blue bows. Now she took a quick look over these

things, then hastily closed and locked the bag.

She began to get into a clean white shirt waist and her blue serge suit. Her hands were like ice. When she went to the mirror to adjust her plain black felt hat she was startled at the excitement in her eyes and her scarlet cheeks. Aunt Emma wouldn't think she looked pale if she could see her now.

Well, she must go. Everything was ready. She opened her walnut bureau drawer and took out his letters and photograph tied in a piece of brown wrapping paper. These letters! She stood dreamily holding them between her hands. It had been sweet to get them...How guilty she had felt and yet how thrilled when she had daringly rented a box at the post office! Her Aunt and Uncle weren't suspicious people but if letters postmarked out of town had come regularly to her they surely would have grown curious. And...and she couldn't have told them she was corresponding with a man she had become acquainted with through a matrimonial advertisement! How shocked they would have been.

But it had been nice getting these love letters. They hadn't been terribly fervent, but they *were* love letters, Janet assured herself. And oh, why wasn't he willing to let things go on just that way, just writing to each other! But no, he said he wanted a wife not a long distance sweetheart and he had insisted on a speedy wedding...

She shoved the package of letters under her arm, picked up her bag and went slowly, thoughtfully down the stairs and out of the house. Then she turned and looked at the prosaic brown-stone front behind which she had been sheltered for seven long years.

Maybe...maybe she wouldn't do it! No, she *would* go on with it. It would be awful to be an old maid, people said.

HE WALKED to Broadway. The subway? No, no! The surface car would be quick enough. She boarded a Broadway car that would turn east through Forty-Second Street. Sinking into one of the rear seats as the car started she gave a long stare through the window back at her old home. Aunt Emma and Uncle William! How could she leave them like this, without a word! How would they take it, this elopement of hers, she wondered painfully as she had done so often lately. She didn't believe they would want her to get married at all. She was still a child to them. And especially they wouldn't approve of her marrying a man like...this John Stone, a man they didn't know, a man she had never even seen yet herself! Janet caught her breath.

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This aunt and uncle were old New Yorkers, and while they didn't have much education nor much money, still they were wont to boast, not vain-gloriously but pridefully, that they and likewise Janet had come of gentle people. They probably wouldn't think John Stone was good enough for her. They would expect her to get somebody better than a farmer....

Oh, why couldn't she sit calmly there in the car as it sped along and look out of the window at the wonderful fascinating shops she flashed by! Instead she could see nothing. The world outside was a haze to her and her thoughts kept racing backward and forward, backward and forward.

Seven years ago she had come to New York. The quiet life before that period with an invalid mother back in a small town she had almost forgotten. Then the placid orderly years with Aunt Emma and Uncle William. She had never found them dull or boring, only sometimes when she read novels or went to the movies, then, then she had begun to imagine that perhaps she wasn't living life....

Then, possibly it was that wedding across the street that roused her up. A beautiful girl who lived on the first floor apartment over there was married one soft warm evening just after Labor Day. Janet did not know the girl but she had watched the glorious festivities from the safe vantage point of the top step of the brown stone stoop flanked by her aunt and uncle.

The girl, all in white, had driven off to church with her father and in a short time had returned with the bridegroom. Janet thought she almost caught a whiff of the bride's bouquet, a lovely mass of lilies-of-the-valley. Then the guests arrived and since the lights were lit in the apartment and the shades were up the crowd outside could feed their eyes on the dancing and gaiety within.

Then, later, the bride, this time in a dark dress, had fled out with her husband to a taxi from the noisy throng that showered the newly weds with rice. It was all so exciting. It was the first wedding Janet had ever seen. Her aunt and uncle had sat quietly by taking in the great event, smiling benignly and nodding calm approval. Janet thrilled with the glamor of it all.

THE NEXT DAY she heard some women outside of the house gossiping, talking about the wedding, criticizing the bridegroom, belittling his appearance and financial prospects.

"But," said one of them decidedly, "anything's better than being an old maid!" And the others heartily agreed with her.

Janet, sitting there in the car, remembered how

she had gone to bed that night in a most disturbed and uneasy frame of mind. She had learned something new and startling. It was terrible to be an old maid! Dreadful never to marry! She hadn't thought of that before. But, yes, even Aunt Emma and Uncle William had married. Their helpmates had died long ago. But they *had* been married.

Now she had tossed about on her little bed that night wondering, speculating who was the man she should marry. All her uncle and aunt's friends were old, much too old. And she wasn't acquainted with any man herself, any young man.. Yes, she had met some at the church club party. They might recognize her again if they ever met. She wasn't sure.

Then she began to think, shyly at first, then more and more positively of an advertisement she had read in a little farm paper the postman had tossed into the house by mistake a day or two before. This advertisement had told baldly of a young man looking for a wife and so he wanted to correspond with a nice girl.

Suddenly Janet had leapt out of bed, run down to the kitchen in her bare feet, had searched through a heap of papers until she found the farm journal and with it under her arm, feeling like a thief in the night had fled noiselessly up to her room again.

The next morning in a fever of excitement and decision she had written the man a letter, mailed it, and hired a box at the post office. Then she had returned home and collapsed, all her bravery gone. Oh, the horror of that day of self-recrimination was still fresh in her mind. Oh, to have had her letter back again! Oh, what she would have given not to have written it! Never, never would she go near that post office box, she told herself.

But in two or three days curiosity had the upper hand of her. She had gone to the post office and found a letter from him. It was an encouraging letter, it seemed to her. Surely, she decided, the man who wrote it could be neither a joker nor a monster. He had enclosed his picture, this photograph she now held wrapped up with the letters, an unflattering little square of cardboard.

No, he certainly wasn't handsome, Janet had thought when she first looked at this picture, but she liked to believe that the eyes had something kindly about them. In the letter he called her, "My dear," and he had touched on the loneliness of his little farm, his mother having recently died.

Janet's heart had warmed as she read that first letter and she imagined she could love him, liked him even then. So she answered him and that was the way the strange courtship grew. And, now,

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to-day, only six weeks after the coming of that first letter, she was going to meet this man for the first time. . . .

She must marry him and go away with him to his farm beyond Middletown. . . ! It was a new shock to her every time she realized what she was about to do. She sat up straight in her seat, her eyes wide and startled. She heard two women who were getting out say it was Forty-fifth Street. Forty-fifth Street so soon! Then she caught the remark of one of these women as they passed.

"I was almost killed last evening. I never saw a machine coming around the corner and I stepped right in front of it! The chauffeur stopped about an inch from me!"

The other nodded, "You certainly have a good guardian angel."

THESE words struck in the girl's troubled mind. *A guardian angel!* It sounded comforting to her. She yearned vaguely for some such hovering protector. Her own mother, now, might be *her* guardian angel, she thought. Catholics had faith in these kindly spirits, didn't they? She must ask Mrs. Durkin about this sweet belief when she came next Monday to do the laundry, and then it dawned on Janet that she wouldn't be home to see Mrs. Durkin on the next Monday!

At the Grand Central Depot she was like stone, she could not move. It was not until the car reached Third Avenue and the conductor reversing the seats called impatiently, "Last stop! All out! All out!", that she was forced to descend to the street and creep slowly back toward the Station.

The bright early morning sun had gone in and hid itself behind a melancholy gray sky. The air was cold and damp. Janet passing a florist's shop remembered she had forgotten something. To make recognition doubly sure they had each promised to wear a pink carnation. He had suggested this, only he had said a white one. Janet held out for a warmer hued flower and had easily won her point.

Now she stepped into the store to buy it. Twenty cents it was. She took the blossom from the shopkeeper and hid it in her hand. Why did he look at her so oddly? Could he tell what she wanted it for? She gave him the money and fled out. Ugh! She was glad to be in the fresh damp air again. The heavy hot-house flowers appalled her with their thick sweet scents.

She put the clove pink to her nose. Ah, how clean and spicy that was! It brought tears to her eyes, she did not know why. It made her for some reason achingly home-sick.

She walked timidly and forlornly into the Grand

Central from the Forty-Second Street side. She was familiar enough with the place. Every Summer she went through it with her Aunt and Uncle on their annual trip to their little old run-down country home up in the Bedford Hills. But it frightened her anew each time that she entered it, the roar and hurry and the rush of it all.

This morning it was so warm in there, stifling. And the crowds going every way at once,—oh, it made one's head dizzy. She followed in the wake of a family party, hiding behind them, straining her eyes and yet hardly daring to look.

And then she saw him! There he was waiting for her patiently at the spot appointed, the information desk. He was exactly like his picture, a little older maybe, but still a young man. In the button-hole of his broad-shouldered, country-made overcoat glowed a deep pink carnation. Under one arm was a box of candy, a love-offering. His raw-boned, sun-burned face was peering into space.

No, she wasn't *afraid of him*, thought Janet slowly. Then suddenly she fell to praying furiously. . . . *to her newly discovered guardian angel!* And as she stood there shaking it seemed to her that gentle fingers slipped into her own and pressed them ever so softly. As she watched John Stone covertly from behind a man's wide back she grew sure with a sickening certainty that she *never* could marry him and go away with him. Not if he were the last man in the world! Not if being an old maid were the direst curse in Christendom! Now she knew she couldn't go against her upbringing! She couldn't slip away like this without a word to her dear old people! Happiness wasn't to be gotten this way, this mean sneaking way she had meant to try!

She couldn't take her eyes off this man waiting for her. It seemed to her that even at the distance she was from him she could now discern traces of selfishness and greed on his countenance. It was horrible! She began side-stepping away, away. She wanted to rid herself of the carnation but she did not dare drop it. Somebody might pick it up, return it to her. It might attract his attention. She kept it crushed in the palm of her hand.

Now she was far enough from him to run *madly*. Into the subway she dived, her bag hitting against her as she hurried, the love letters still under her arm. It seemed a mile before she reached the Shuttle, an hour before she was in it and speeding over to the West Side. Out again into the hurrying maelstrom of human beings, up and down steps, pushing and being pushed, then stumbling into an express train that was mercifully awaiting her.

Her heart was beating violently. She was almost exhausted. Then in the refuge of the homeward

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bound express some of her courage began flowing back to her. Why, she needn't have run so fast! He wouldn't have known her. The only picture he had of her was a tintype she had taken on the street by a travelling photographer. John Stone had written her after she had sent it on to him that it faded so by the time he received it, he could not make her out.

Then, too, came the blessed thought,—he did not know where she lived! He had asked her once in a letter, but she had evaded answering this, and he had not pressed the question. She had been so afraid he might make a trip to the city and pay her an unexpected call.

Then the substance of his last letter flashed into her mind, outlining his plans for this day. They were to get the license, be married, see the sights, then take the night train back.... She imagined herself on a rushing train going out into a strange land with a strange man beside her... her husband! She gasped. To think she had ever *dreamed* of doing such things! Why, all she wanted to do now was just to get back to Aunt Emma and Uncle William again, to spend the evening as she had done so many of them. After supper, when the dishes were washed and the table set for breakfast, she and her aunt and uncle would go into the front

parlor. They wouldn't have to light the gas for the brilliant gleam of Broadway streamed down the street and trickled into the old room giving enough illumination. Then Uncle William would sit down at one window and Aunt Emma at the other with Janet crouching on a little stool at her feet. And they would look out through the mended lace curtains at life passing by.... Life that she might mingle with some day *honorably*, not in a backstair fashion!

How slow, how slow the train was! Never did an express seem to jog and amble so before!.... At the One Hundred and Third Street Station she rose and mounted the subway steps as though she were going up into Heaven.

Down the side street she pattered, and up the old brown stone stoop, her key in her hand. Now she had the door opened. Now she was inside. She slammed the door behind her and lay against it panting, content.

The letters, the crushed flower, the bag slipped from her hands. She looked around her fondly, at the large patterned gold and tan wall paper in the hall, at the winding stairs with their faded Brussels carpet at the ugly hat rack with one of its brass fingers missing. She sighed happily. She was safe. She was home!

CURIOUS facts about Ralph Waldo Emerson's eccentric aunt are brought to light by Van Wyck Brooks in an article in the February Scribner's Magazine. Calling her "the Cassandra of New England," Mr. Brooks says:

"Miss Mary Moody Emerson lived in her shroud. She had stitched it all herself, and when death refused to come she had put it on as a nightgown, then as a daygown. She was even seen on horseback once, in Concord, cantering through the village street, attired for the grave, with a scarlet shawl thrown about her shoulders.

"Miss Emerson was the daughter of the former minister of Concord who had died in the Revolution. She was a dwarf, four feet three inches tall, with a bold pinkish face, a blue flash in her eyes, and yellow hair cropped close under a mob-cap. She was short and erect as an adder about to strike.

"She could not sit, she could not sleep; a demon drove her pen. For she had survived, a witness of the lofty and terrible religion of John Calvin, to rebuke what she regarded as the poor, pale, unpoetical humanitarianism of the new day. Her voice

was the voice of a sibyl, issuing from the caves of the past.

"She was queerer than Dick's hatband. She was thought to have the power of uttering more disagreeable things in twenty minutes than any other person living. She kept pace with nobody; she had received, she said, the fatal gift of penetration, and her mission was to undermine the vanity of the shallow. Was some high matter broached in conversation? Did some rash suppliant invite Miss Emerson's opinion? 'Mrs. Brown,' the sibyl replied, 'how's your cat?' Was some lady praised too warmly in her presence? She pricked the panegyric: 'Is it a colored woman of whom you were speaking?' '(Give us peace in our boarders,' she wrote on one occasion, and, when shown the misspelling, she said it would do as it was.) She tore into a chaise or out of it, her nephew Ralph Waldo Emerson observed, into the house or out of it, into the conversation, the character of a stranger, disdaining all the gradations by which others timed their steps; and if she found that anything was dear and sacred to you, she instantly flung broken crockery at it."

Politics: *An Opportunity and a Duty for Our Catholic Women*

By A. J. REILLY

THE CATHOLIC woman's lack of serious interest and her unwillingness to take active part in the public affairs of the day is one of the most deplorable features of American public life. For good or ill, the bars have been let down and woman's entrance into the political arena is assured. But Catholic women have been strangely negligent in not bringing the high ideals and the nice perceptions of right and wrong, which should be characteristic of every sincere and practical Catholic woman, to leaven public thought and to make for higher standards in public life. Perhaps never in the history of the civilized world has the influence of women been more needed than at present and in no country is the necessity for this influence greater than in America. Public offices are being filled with men of slight intellectual attainments and less ability because their very mediocrity makes them more easily the tools of unscrupulous powers. The breath of political scandals has touched highest officials and the words of a distinguished justice of the New York State Supreme Court that "official morality is at a low ebb and official honesty ostracized" can be applied far more generally than the jurist intended. American women, especially the Catholic women, cannot escape responsibility for this deplorable condition.

European women seem to be far more alive to the needs of the hour and have taken their places in the most important councils of state not as a tribute to a deceased male relative but because of their own intellectual ability. Thirty-three women are members of the German Reichstag, three women sit in the British Parliament and one of them is Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Education. Five women were elected to the present Irish Parliament. A woman holds a place in the Danish Cabinet, Minister of Education and Fine Arts. And we have been accustomed to look upon all of these countries as far more conservative than the United States. Not only that but women in their thousands are occupying places in the various state and municipal councils in every country in Europe. In America we have in all our forty-eight states but two women governors. There is no woman in the United States Senate nor in the Cabinet. Not half a dozen women sit in the House of Representatives or in the various State legislatures. Among the many thousands of incorporated cities and villages throughout

our broad land how comparatively few have selected women as their chief executives or even as members of their governing bodies. And among the few women who have become active in public life Catholic women are remarkable only for their absence, as they are likewise generally absent on election day.

Now American women are undoubtedly as intelligent, as patriotic, as well educated as their European sisters. There are innumerable Catholic institutions for higher education of women turning out hosts of brilliant young graduates who should be eminently qualified for leadership in public affairs. Yet wherever we find civic organizations, political clubs, or other groups interested in public affairs we find they are officered by non-Catholics and their membership lists are generally innocent of the names of their Catholic fellow citizens. Is there any valid reason why an educated, intelligent, able Catholic woman should not be a leader in the public affairs of her city and State? In answer to that question I hear a chorus of voices from all over the country declaring that the proper place for a refined, pious, Catholic woman is in the home from which fortress she is satisfied to affect public affairs by the mellowing influence of the sweetness of her character upon the men in her family, that she is too delicate and good to battle with the disillusionments and crookedness of politics. Now, it is not my purpose to deprecate in any way those hidden and homely virtues so long celebrated in song and story, but I wish to point out that this notion is derived from the rigid Puritanism of early New England rather than from the teachings of the Catholic Church. And it is probably because Puritanism never took such a firm hold upon any European country as it did on America that European women have entered the political arena quite as a matter of course and without the hesitancy of the American woman's steps into public affairs.

A CURSORY glance at the Church's attitude toward women in public life shows that the Church has never underrated their ability nor achievements. Is there not something symbolic in the fact that Mary is found beside her divine Son as He entered upon His public life, performing His first miracle at her request, as she was likewise present at its close? Again Mary was present in that upper room when the Holy Spirit breathed life into the infant Church.

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Go from symbolism to fact we know that in the early days of the Church there was no sex distinction in awarding the crown of martyrdom. Women and girls appeared as often in the arena on a Roman holiday as men, and faced the wild beasts as bravely, that they might win their imperishable crowns. And, when Christianity conquered paganism and it became a question of organizing and developing the Church in many lands and among a variety of people, women played as noble a part.

It may come as a surprise to some of our present day anti-feminists to learn that as early as the sixth century Brigid of Kildare was recognized as the councilor of bishops and kings. At a time when Church and State were far more interdependent than they are today this brilliant Irish woman played a remarkable part in public affairs. Her advice was eagerly sought and carefully followed by princes of the Church and kings of the realm. It is evident from her many biographers that Brigid was a woman of strong mind and unusual ability, well fitted to organize and to rule.

Her closest counterpart in Church or national history is the great Teresa of Spain who lived some ten centuries later. Like her Celtic precursor, Teresa traveled from one remote province to another in the interest of her many foundations. But it was not the Carmelite order alone that she thus served, but the entire country. Her sound common sense, her practical reforms, her wise directions and counsel raised an impenetrable bulwark against the Reformation in Spain. From her day to ours her influence on the life and thought of Europe has grown steadily regardless of class or creed and is now gradually penetrating into our American life. There is a closer connection between this fifteenth century mystic and the much discussed "modern woman" than the feminists realize and they would find much food for thought in her writings, a full course in which would be an extremely desirable preparation for active participation in public life.

Of Teresa's own nation and century is Isabella of Castile, not, it is true, numbered among the saints of the Church, but a woman celebrated for her outstanding womanly virtues as well as for her achievements in public life. Ascending the throne of Castile at a time when her country was in a state bordering on anarchy she brought order out of chaos and at her death left it one of the great powers. Leading her armies in person, she drove the Moors from Spain; she curbed the power of the tyrannical nobles; she reorganized the courts and personally administered justice; she established a "mounted police" which protected life and property until banditry became unknown throughout the

country. And her greatest achievement was to recall Christopher Columbus and to "assume the enterprise for mine own crown of Castile" when the explorer had all but lost hope of assistance.

Another remarkable woman ruler is Mary of Burgundy, celebrated alike for her pious and virtuous life and for her unusual administrative abilities. She is looked upon as one of the most important women rulers of the fifteenth century and is a worthy sister of the great Isabella of Castile. Had her successors shown a similar wisdom and prudence there would be no such sad record of bloodshed and famine in the history of the Low Countries as now blots its pages. Her respect for old customs together with her quick perception of what was good in the new, mark her out as a sagacious and sympathetic ruler. Her treatment of the proud burghers of the Netherlands assured prosperity to those thrifty towns whose wealth was based on trade and no longer on land, a new and astounding departure in that century. Her sympathy and understanding in dealing with the new and independent characters which changing times sponsored are evidence of those womanly qualities some moderns believe can develop only in a rarefied atmosphere and are lost immediately upon coming into contact with the stern actualities of life.

Perhaps no character from out of the past has intrigued modern imagination more than Joan of Arc, the pious little village maiden who became leader of the French nation in its final struggle for existence against the growing power of England. Inspired, without doubt, nevertheless Joan made use of her native common sense and shrewdness to fight the corruption, indolence, and selfishness in high official circles which threatened to end the life of the French nation. She reformed the army, she drove the English from the soil of France, and saw the king, through her efforts, crowned at Rheims. In France's hour of need the little Maid of Orleans became in very truth the savior of her people.

CATHOLIC WOMEN would be well advised to make a study of the lives of a few such notable characters whose virtues the Church delights to honor and whose public achievements are the admiration of historians. They would be repaid by the consciousness that in exercising their rights as citizens and in taking active part in the public affairs of the day they are but fulfilling their duty to their country and to their age. The position of the nation can only be strengthened by the presence in public life of a large number of women with the virtues, the high ideals, and the unerring principles which should be the distinguishing marks of every Catholic in public as well as private life.

Initiation: *A Layman's View of a Passionist Profession*

IT IS DIFFICULT to set down in detail, vividly, one's impressions of a solemn and beautiful religious rite like that of the Profession of Novices in the Congregation of the Discalced Clerks of the Cross and Passion. To begin with, one labors beneath the feeling of unworthiness. The task seems not for such as I am—of the world, wordly—but for Saints and mystics; for those who have by sacramental means, prayers, austerities and the contemplative life, advanced far upon the way of illumination and perfection. The thought arises that, though not wholly blind, the eye is dark to the full spiritual import and inspiring splendour.

To witness the ceremony is to experience emotions which verily transcend earth, and refuse to be articulate in mere shaping of words. One is—how shall I put it?—confused amid a white clouding of beauty; timid, fluttering as it were betwixt earth and heaven, and acutely aware of the imminence of the divine. Overwhelming one is a wonder which recalls thoughts of the Transfiguration; Saul on the road to Damascus; the Shepherds' amaze when they saw Heaven's glory in the night skies, and heard angelic chorus singing Christ's nativity. Thus is it reminiscent of the sublime.

In spirit one cries: "Lord, it is good for us to be here," and becomes more and more convinced of the active presence of a spiritual influence that sweetens and purifies. One comes, reverent, expectant; one goes away with the happy thought that a light has been kindled which, consuming ember and dispelling shadow, sheds a clear, cheerful glow upon pathways which had seemed monotonous and uninviting. In that place of consecration one has surely been blown upon by the winds of grace. From white fountains have flowed regenerating waters. Stripped of its every appeal, an unkempt world has shrunk from view, its many voices muted, its poor smiles and spasmodic beckoning hidden. But another Voice has called, a sorrowful divine music has filled the soul. Beauty of Sacrifice has transfigured all things. The Chalice of Gethsemane, the Rood of Golgotha, have risen before one as in a vision. The beauty of His House and the place where His glory dwelleth: these have shone for the inward eye with a sudden, dazzling brightness that moves the spirit to such symphonies of praise as are within its power to make.

A youth leaves home and kindred and friends—

BY PIERCE OGE

he leaves all things to follow Jesus. He goes forth in the strength of his years, at the threshold of achievement, to take up the Cross and follow Him. In a boy's face glows the unspoiled wisdom of youth, the serenity of his conviction that in the Sign of the Cross and Passion he has made a choice whose ultimate triumph is yet to be. Humble he is, prayerful, eager to prove undying loyalty to his Faith. In him there is nothing of presumption, nothing of vanity, or of over-weening self-confidence. The measure of his strength is simply the measure of his weakness. He is aware of human frailty, and of the greatness of many who have momentarily failed, or who have fallen on the way. But in Christ is his hope. In Him is his great strength. In Him verily he is.

To be a good Passionist Priest—to be a good Passionist Missioner: that is his one ideal. To him it is before all else, the desire of his youth, the theme of his prayer; luminous hope that makes beautiful for him every aspiration. Poverty, Chastity, Obedience are the virtues that adorn, and shall adorn, his life. Like jewels they glow upon the altar; like beacons they lead him to the Tabernacle. Poverty, Chastity, Obedience: they are shrined in Nazareth, they burn along the way to Egypt; wherever the Christ has trodden they are visioned, infinitely lovely, infinitely holy. From the Garden of the Agony to the Hill of Crucifixion they mingle with the Sacred Blood dewing the sorrowful path He shared with Mary, His Mother. . . .

IN the sanctuary of the little Church the Novices kneeled amongst the Priests and the Brethren. The church was filled with quiet folk who had come in from the quiet fields in ones and twos. Akin to figures of mediaeval times, like simple, reverent figures from old Dutch paintings, the peasant folk had entered reverently by the portal which is ever open to wayfarers of the little grey road winding from the highway. To them the simplicity and solemnity of a Profession ceremony makes perpetual appeal. The great act of renunciation stands forth to their eyes elemental and heroic. It is not merely that a youth of wordly promise has forsaken the world. It is his manner of forsaking it. To fly from the cares and temptations and sorrows of life is a deed that savors little of wonder. But to abandon life's every human pleasure so that we may

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share the more purely in the sorrows of God's Son; to see the one Reality and the one Light so surely and clearly that the soul strives to rise ever nearer to It—not selfishly, but with a life-long solicitude for the welfare of even the least of its brethren—that appears to them wonderful, magnificently fine. Sympathetic and admiring they come to the sanctuary, and kneel expectant, breathing forth their pious prayers while their rosaries slip through toil-worn fingers.

BEFORE US the touching scene unfolded. The Superior blessed the Badge of the Congregation, sprinkled it with holy water, and then, seated at the Epistle side of the altar, questioned the Novice as to his serious intention of taking upon himself the simple vows of religion. When the Novice had made the brief, straightforward answers prescribed by the ritual, a sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached by one of the Fathers. Impressively and with an admirable lucidity he explained the meaning of the threefold vow of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience. It was an eloquent sermon. Quietly, in the simplest language, but with a marvellous paternal appeal, the preacher revealed the true nature of the Passionist's vocation; the true holiness of its symbols, its all-embracing concern for the salvation of souls, and the one divine guerdon that it seeks.

Following the sermon, the "*Veni Creator Spiritus*" was intoned, and sung by the Priests, Brothers and Novices. Then silence.... a murmur of prayer:

"Send forth Thy Spirit, and they shall be created.
And Thou shalt renew the face of the earth...."

The single note of a bell struck like a voice of monition upon the hush. And again, after a silence, came the one note of the bell. A great stillness grew suddenly within the little temple. And once more the bell rang—the sad, lone peal which rings for the dead.

We saw the Novices rise and prostrate themselves within the sanctuary in the place prepared. We looked with awe and a sudden quickening of the heart. Prostrate, as if dead to all created things, they remained prone before the Altar, whilst a Priest, robed in alb and violet stole, read the Passion of our Lord according to the Gospel of Saint John. It was a time of intense solemnity when were heard only the voice of the Priest and the kneeling of the bell. Life and death, time and eternity, seemed all at once strangely to meet here; to lose their common significance, and be one, mysterious and awful, in the majesty of the inscrutable Creator. The Priest's clear compelling voice.... The bell tolling slowly, tolling slowly.... The

white thoughts burning in the white quivering soul of youth.... Then at the words *Emisit Spiritum*, a gentle sound of movement.

The Novices had arisen, and one having gone to the Celebrant, had knelt to pronounce his vows. We heard a bright unfaltering voice... And one of the highest moments in that youth's life had come—and passed—in the solitude of that place of peace amongst the fields that were as a green tapestry drawn betwixt it and the world.

Upon each shoulder a Cross was placed while the Priest said in Latin: "Receive, Brother, the Cross of the Lord Jesus Christ; deny thyself that thou mayest have part with Him in life eternal, Amen."

And placing a Crown of Thorns upon each youth's head: "Receive, Brother the Crown of Thorns of Christ our Lord, humble thyself under the mighty hand of God, and be subject to every creature for God's sake."

Then giving each the Holy Sign: "Receive, Brother, this holy sign of salvation as an impregnable standard of thy profession, and that thou mayest fight in a good warfare, be crucified to the Cross of Christ. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The Religious joined here in the singing of that beautiful psalm beginning "*Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare fratres in unum!*" With a sudden access of happiness, one realized how fitting, in that cloistered sanctuary, were the Psalmist's words.

The Priest began again to pray:

"Confirm this, O God, which Thou hast wrought
in us.
From Thy holy temple which is in Jerusalem..."

And the prayer having concluded, a procession was formed which passed down the aisle to the joyous singing of the 148th. Psalm, one of the most beautiful, I think, in all the Psalter. The great words rang forth in pious jubilation.

On and on choired the sonorous voices, passing to the 149th, to the 150th. Psalm, filling the monastery chapel with praise of God.

IN the procession, the newly-professed, bearing Cross and Crown of Thorns, walked last. When it had returned to the Altar the Novices kneeled upon the ground, while the Celebrant, facing the Altar, intoned the final prayer, which was succeeded by Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament—and as the silvery voices of children floated down from the little gallery behind us, one could not but recall the words—how sweetly the young choristers responded to them: "Let the children of Sion be joy-

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ful in their King. Let them praise His name in choir: let them sing to Him with the timbrel and psaltery."

Presently the Benediction had been given; and in ones and twos (not hurriedly as if that house of God were an irksome place, but with a friendly lingering of devotion), the quiet folk had gone out so softly that, to one still kneeling nigh the altar, they seemed not to have gone out at all.

CAME soon that memorable hour, when, within the monastery, we met him whom we loved who had withdrawn himself from us (for a time which had seemed long, and now seemed brief, indeed) so that he might draw the nearer to the Divine Master

Whose voice had called him. In the cloak of St. Paul of the Cross, with sandals upon his feet, his biretta swinging from his brow as he greeted her who was dearest to him—who loved him as only a good Catholic mother can love her son who consecrates himself to Christ—he entered the room, like one who brings good tidings, a glad word on his lips, and a blessing in his smile. But looking within his eyes as I clasped his hand, I thought of the Holy Face, bruised and broken, of a Brow crowned with thorns, of pierced Hands and Side, of an Agony in the Garden, of Sacrifice and Redemption upon the Cross.

My House of Silence

By SR. M. EMMANUEL, O. S. B.

I have a little house I love,
All peaceful, sweet and still,
When talk and tumult reign around
I enter it at will.

There is a room within a room
Where I love best to be,
For there He dwelleth, even He,
The One Who loveth me!

He does not like a noise and fuss,
And people rushing round,
We seem to lose each other thus,
No, there He is not found.

But He will make me glad, He says,
Within His House of Prayer
A garden, too, is there, most still,
Most silent, sweet and fair.

So, if you miss me, I am there,
I cannot keep away,
I love my little house so much,
I would be there all day.

The house is His, far more than mine
He dwells for aye therein
And I can tell you, if you like,
How one may enter in.

You pull a little bell that rings
A little silver bell,
And when He hears that sound, He comes
More swift than words can tell.

The door flies open—in I run!
O joy... to be *at home*.

And those who know how sweet it is
Lose all desire to roam.

But if the Lover hide Himself
As He at times may do—
Then you must only watch and wait
For love, so proved, is true.

Then sweet and sudden, lo! He comes
Your patience to reward,
He playeth thus His Game of Love,
This sweet and gracious Lord.

And now and then, if I forget
How He sits there alone,
He'll even touch the bell Himself
That I my fault may own.

The bell is just a little prayer
A thought, a wish, a sigh,
You need not put it into words,
He hears the slightest sigh.

So, if your work or worries make
A soul-disturbing din,
Just call to mind that little House
The Guest Who dwells therein.

There is a house for everyone,
For you as well as me—
That heaven on earth, where dwells the soul,
Alone, my God, with Thee.

Within that central citadel
The soul's most secret place,
The creature and its Maker meet
In Love's Divine Embrace.

OUR JUNIOR READERS



Daddy Sen Fu's Own

MY DEAR LITTLE MISSIONARIES:

MAY GOD bless your great big hearts for all the pennies you are saving for the poor Missionaries. I have lots and lots of mite boxes around here. Of course we never call them by any other name but Bobby. And the reason we call them Bobby is because they all like to bob up and down to see if they are to leave the Sign office today or tomorrow. Why sometimes we have a real war with these boxes. They all want to be the first one to go out for the Missions. And when I tell them that Sister is calling for a Bobby they make such a noise that I feel like spanking the whole bunch and sending them to bed without any supper.

One day a letter came in from a little girl away out West. Mary was her name. Well Mary said that she had made a good friend of Bobby and together they had collected ten big dollars for the Missions. And Mary asked me if she could send this over to China. She said there was not another Bobby in the world like her Bobby because she always managed to collect a lot of pennies when she went visiting with Bobby. Well you should have heard the noise around this office. One old Bobby who had been on the shelf for almost six months waiting to go out on the road cried out in a big bass voice: "Oh, she thinks too much about that fellow Bobby! Any one of us could do better than he is doing. Why, if I was given a chance like he has I could get twice as much." "Alright," I said. "Now old Bobby you get your paper dress on and your label tie and away you to go Chicago, to a little boy out there who says he wants to be a priest. He is a good boy and loves to go to school and he does all his lessons every night and runs all the errands for his mother after school. Now see what you can do yourself out there in Chicago." Well he fixed himself all up and comes back to me to say good-bye. There was a jealous twinkle in his old eyes as he said to me. "Guess you think I am not going to get that twenty dollars. Well I

am! I'll show you what a good worker for the Missions can do." So I gave him my blessing and sent him on his journey.

One month passed. Two months passed. Three months passed. Then I began to worry about old Bobby. Finally just before Christmas in came Mr. Postman with old Bobby. He looked tired and worn. He had suffered a whole lot. His side was broken and I could see that he was in pain even though he was carrying a heavy load of coin. So I made haste to greet him. He was awfully happy to be back again in the office. But he was no longer the proud Bobby he was when he left for Chicago.

"Well," I said, "how are you old Bobby and how did you make out?" Old Bobby was so tired he could hardly speak. So I leaned down close to him so I could hear just what he said. And here is the amazing story of his journey.

"Daddy I have not long to remain in this office. I am now grown old and I must soon pass on my work to a more youthful worker. But before I go I want you to know about this journey to Chicago. You know you said I was going out to work for a nice little boy who wanted to be a priest. Do you remember that?" "Yes," I said, "I remember the whole story and I remember too that you were so proud you thought you could do a whole lot better than anyone else around here." I was sorry I said that to him because he hung his head in shame and I could see that he felt awfully sorry for the way he had acted.

"Well," he said, "I did feel that I could do a whole lot better. But the Infant Jesus of the Missions knew that I could never succeed if I felt that way about my good work. But anyway I was on my way to Chicago. The Train was rumbling along about fifty miles an hour and I could hear the conductor going along calling for everybody's tickets. All of a sudden there was an awful bump and I almost broke my sides against another traveler in the mail sack. There was a grinding of wheels and brakes, a sudden crash and when I woke up I was in the middle of a field lying on the

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snow and almost frozen to death. About a hundred feet away from where I was lying the great big mail sack in which I had been travelling was thrown upon the ground with a great big hole in its side. When the sack had been thrown from the wreck I had been thrown a good distance further away. And there I was far away from all my travelling companions.

It was dark and I could not see anything but only those things on which the flashlights of the trainmen landed. I prayed and prayed that somebody would pick me up and carry me back to that big warm mail sack. I knew that I was needed out there in Chicago and I began to think about all I said I was going to do. I could hear all the Bobbys at home saying about me. 'There's the fellow who thought he knew it all. He was going to do more than anybody else and by gum he isn't bringing home as much as one little red penny.'

Then I thought again how proud I had been. And I felt how bad I was. And I promised the Infant Jesus that if I were rescued I would try to be humble and listen to my Superiors and Teachers as long as I lived. And I was left lying there all night and felt sure that when the rain came I would end my career without having done anything for the Missions. And I said to myself: Well, if the Lord spares me I'll be happy if I can earn even one penny for the Missions just so I do something to show how much I love the Infant Jesus.

Just after daylight began and I was lying there shivering from the cold winds I heard a heavy foot-step coming along. Then I prayed that I might be seen and picked up and that somebody would be kind to me so that I might come back to The Sign with something for the Missions. I could hear the footsteps getting nearer and nearer. What if that foot should step on me. I was in great danger of being crushed to death. So I prayed again and this time I asked the dear little Infant Jesus to please spare me even though I should do no more for the Mission than show somebody the signs I had pasted on me telling how some good priests were working hard to save souls for our dear Lord. Nobody would ever know that I had done this little good deed but the Infant Jesus would know that I wanted Him to know how much I loved Him and how sorry I was for being proud."

Old Bobby began to breathe heavily and I began to think, that his sides might break before he finished his story. So I took him into my hands and held him so that he could speak more easily.

"Oh," he sighed, "I shall never live to tell you all." "Yes, you will," I said, "Because the Infant Jesus wants all good little boys and girls to learn

your story and not to be proud." "Oh, he said, "I hope no little boy or girl ever gets proud and thinks he or she knows more than their Mamma or Papa and their good teachers. I shall try to finish my story for their benefit.

Just as I thought my death was at hand and the heavy foot of a lumberman was about to crush me I heard him say to himself: "Hello, what's this?" My heart was beating so hard I could hardly hear all that he said. But he picked me up. Looked at the message printed on my side, turned me over and read some more of the signs printed on me and then I heard him say. "Well it won't hurt me to take this home for myself. Perhaps I can save a few pennies myself."

I felt so happy I almost cried for joy. But I thanked the dear little Infant Jesus for the great privilege that was to be mine. If only a dollar, I thought, if only a penny, how happy I shall be if I can only be of some use to the dear little Infant Jesus.

The man put me in a great big pocket in his overalls. There was lots of dust and dirt and tobacco in the pocket and before long I had swallowed some of the tobacco and I got awfully sick. But I did not care now how sick I got if only I could do something to help the little Infant Jesus in the Foreign Missions.

When night came and he returned to his home he took me out of his pocket and put me on the table near his supper plate. I was so tired I fell asleep so I do not know what he said about me. But I woke up with a start late that night and found that I was being taken to his bedroom. He opened a bureau drawer and put me inside and then I heard him say to himself. "Dear Lord, I have not much money but you need some of what I have and I am going to give it to you just a little at a time. For every day I work I will put a dime into this little box and when it is filled I will send it back to The Passionist Fathers so that they can spend it in helping to save souls in China and to feed the poor little boys and girls over there that have not enough to eat."

That night I had a wonderful dream. I dreamed that I was a mighty bank and that I became so full of silver that my sides broke. And as the silver rolled out of my broken sides I could see the little angels pick it up piece by piece and take it to the Baby Jesus. And as the little Baby took the silver I saw it turn into heaps and heaps of rice. The rice poured from between His tiny fingers and fell and fell and fell. And as I looked down to where it fell I saw a poor Passionist Missionary away off in China. I saw him on his knees praying and I

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seemed to hear his voice pleading with the Infant Jesus to send rice to the poor starving children in China so that they might live and learn about the little Jesus. And the rice seemed to pour right into his hands and from his hands it seemed to flow right into the mouths of hundreds and hundreds of the poorest little children I have ever seen. And just as I was going to start down the path of the rice so that I might visit China the Baby Jesus waved His tiny hand and opening His tiny mouth spoke to me. 'Bobby,' He said, 'Your work is here in America. Someday you might visit China. But your work is here in America. I have given you a great work to do because you are no longer a proud old Bobby but a humble Bobby who is content to do even a little bit for love of Me.' And just as I was leaving the Little Infant I seemed to slip and I awoke all of a sudden. My new friend had just given me my breakfast. A fine new dime helped to make me feel a whole lot better."

Here old Bobby had to wait a long time to catch his breath. His sides were bulging further and further and any moment the end might come. I still held him tightly in my hands.

After a pause he continued: "I must pass over much of my experience because I could not live long enough to tell it all. But before I go I want to tell you Daddy, that were I to live another hundred years, I would never boast that I could do better than anybody else. I have done my best not to boast and not till after I am dead will the world know what I have done for my little friend the Infant Jesus. I only wish I could go out again and work harder then ever before. But I know that almost all the other Bobbies could do better than I have done if only they would be humble and listen to their elders. Tell all the little boys and girls about me so that they might learn that my little Friend the Baby Jesus likes those who are humble and always punishes those who are proud. May God be praised."

They were his last words. Just as he said these words I felt a sudden collapse in my hands. The mighty heart of old Bobby had burst and from within, as in his dream, there rolled silver and silver. Never before had there been so much in any Bobby—\$23.60—He had made good his boast to collect twice as much as Mary's Bobby had collected. But before he had done that good work the Infant Jesus had made him humble and obedient.

And so, my little Missionaries, this is the story of old Bobby. It is a wonderful story and teaches a wonderful lesson. Never be proud. Listen attentively when your good parents speak. Do what

they tell you. Always be good and humble when you are in school. Pay attention to the good Sister who teaches you in order that you might learn your lessons and grow up to be wise, intelligent and good men and women. If you do this some day perhaps you will have a wonderful dream just as old Bobby, and who can tell, maybe the little Infant Jesus, Himself, will speak to you.

DADDY SEN FU

From Information Received

BY J. F. FAGAN COLLINS

IT WAS just about two o'clock in the afternoon a cloudless summer day, when Dr. Englewood turned up the gravelled path leading to his home.

There were a great many things upon the mind of Dr. Englewood, and as he walked he was deep in thought. It was very difficult to understand some of the extraordinary occurrences which happened in every-day life, and quite impossible to explain them. As a doctor of over thirty years experience, he felt he knew something about medicine and surgery, and yet here was the case of old Mrs. McGillicuddy upsetting everything in the region of science. She had been given up by half a dozen doctors including himself, as incurable, suffering as she did from an insidious form of paralysis, and she had made a novena, as the Catholics called it, to some saint or other the doctor had never heard of, and now she was cured, yes, entirely cured, no doubt about it. Dr. Englewood had proved to his own satisfaction that she was cured. It was some mystery. Indeed, Dr. Englewood had half a mind to enquire more closely into this Catholicism,—there was more in it than met the eye. It was much deeper than appeared on the surface. It was no mere publicity scheme, it was more like a living spiritual force. Anyway, Dr. Englewood was too busy to go very deeply into the matter now, he was a good Christian, he told himself, and his wife had been a good Catholic, and he had promised her on her death-bed that if their boy wanted to be a Catholic when he grew up, no obstacle would be placed in his way. The Methodist Episcopal Church had been good enough for his dad always, very excellent people belonged there and ritual and observance were decidedly elastic, you could think almost anything, doctrinally speaking, and yet find somebody who thought like you. So let it be. His practice was enough to think of at the moment, and the way it was growing he would have to get an assistant soon, why....

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"Hullo, daddy," cried a cheerful voice which seemed to come from the skies, "hey, dad, dad."

Dr. Englewood, always calm, cool and unperturbed looked skywards in a leisurely fashion. He saw a pair of chubby little legs dangling from either side of a large branch of a tree, then their owner moved over somewhat and a pair of khaki shorts and a blue sweater became visible. Lastly a little round face very red and happy appeared like a little moon among the leaves. There was a broad grin on the face of the moon.

"Ah, I see" said Dr. Englewood with a judicial air. "You have climbed up there again. I thought I told you before, Buddy, that you must not climb up this high tree, and you promised me not to do so. Why have you broken your promise?"

"I forgot, dad, until I was up here," said the little fellow, "anyway I didn't climb. I got up the ladder. Gee, it's fine up here. You can see everything without being seen."

"Indeed," said Dr. Englewood, "so it is fine up there, is it? It would not have been fine if you had fallen and broken an arm or leg or your little neck, would it, old man. . . I'll tell you what you do. I'm going to take away this ladder, and you must stay up in the tree until I give you permission to come down. This will impress it upon your memory that you must do what I want you to do, for the future. Now, do you understand, Buddy?"

"Sure, dad" replied the little fellow, "I'll stay right here until you let me down again. I won't try to come down until you do. All right, dad."

Dr. Englewood went round to the back of the tree, and took away the long ladder which stood against the trunk. He carried it with him across the lawn to the door of the house, then laid it down. Then he went inside to the living room and took off his coat.

"He's a little man," reflected the doctor. "He won't start to whine and whimper if he is punished, or start to argue that he is right and you are wrong as some kids do. Thank God, I have such a real boy for my own. He is no sissy either, and no show-off, so there's not much the matter with Buddy. Anyway, it won't hurt him if he stays up there an hour or so. It will make him more careful about climbing trees in the future and perhaps save him from accident." With which summing up of the matter, the doctor lighted a cigar and dismissed the incident from his mind.

Meanwhile in the tree, Buddy was reflecting on his father.

"Gee, he's some dad," he said to himself. "He won't get sore like other fellows' dads no matter what you do. Glad I don't have a father like Syd

Paterson, who throws him all round the house if he makes a noise, and never says a kind word to him about anything. Of course Syd has a stepfather, he isn't like a real dad. . . Guess dad will come back soon with the ladder and then we'll have some fun when we go in."

However the doctor did not come back quite as soon as might have been expected. The telephone rang before he had been smoking five minutes, and he received an urgent call to attend an old man who had had a sudden stroke of apoplexy. Hurrying out of the house with his small bag containing his stethoscope and some medical supplies, he jumped into his automobile, and was soon speeding away on his errand of mercy.

Buddy saw the automobile departing. He noted that his dad had a very preoccupied air about him as he went. So like the sensible little fellow he was, he refrained from shouting a goodbye to his father. He was quite content to remain in the tree as long as his father wanted him to, and felt no unhappiness at the thought that his liberty was curtailed. He had broken one of Dad's rules and it was just that he should be punished.

An hour passed, but there was no sign of the doctor. Then another hour passed. Buddy began to feel a sensation of hunger as six o'clock sounded from the clock in the church tower nearby. He thought that perhaps the housekeeper would bring him out something to eat, then remembered with apprehension that this was her day off, and she would not be back at all that night as dad had given her permission that morning to spend the night with her mother who was ill. There was nothing to do, but just wait till dad did come back, that was all there was to it.

However, one hour passed after another and it began to grow dark. There was a wall flanking the road just inside which stood the tree in which Buddy was secreted. From the top of the tree it was possible to see down into the country road that ran alongside the wall.

It was quite dark now, and was close on ten o'clock. Buddy was cold and somewhat cramped in the tree, however it was certain that dad would come soon now. Buddy tried to make himself as comfortable as possible, and found that by moving in more among the branches it was warmer and better than remaining sitting astride a branch. He crept in therefore into the very centre of the tree. Now he could neither see nor be seen.

After a short while Buddy heard footsteps, and somebody coming along the road halted at the tree. It was a man, Buddy judged, from the low whistle which he gave and presently a couple more

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men came along and halted by the first. They stood right up against the tree. Then they commenced to talk:

"Friday night," said one, "about midnight is the right time. There's the house over there to the right of the doctor's. It will be an easy matter to get inside, we can open the kitchen window and just get in. Bring your guns of course in case the old guy should try to start anything going. The old guy is a retired stockbroker, worth a cool six millions or so, and there's sure to be enough odd cash in the house, to say nothing of jewelry to make it worth while to pull this thing. Don't forget, the house is right there, see it? All right, Friday night. I just wanted you to come down here so as you could see the house. Now you've seen it we can go back again and talk over the division of the stuff."

They set off back again down the road and in a little while the sound of their footsteps died away.

"Friday night, is the time?" said Buddy to himself, "I wouldn't be too sure, if I was that guy, that everything comes off just as he thinks. Folks that make money by honest ability have no right to have it stolen by bums and crooks, I know. Anyway, dad will fix that guy up all right, he'll want to think up some other scheme next time if he wants to get rich quick."

An automobile sounded in the distance. "Gee, that's dad," said Buddy to himself. Nearer and nearer it came until it drove right up to the Englewood home. The doctor jumped out of the car and rushing for the ladder ran to the tree.

"Buddy, old man" he said affectionately, "I'm so sorry you've been in the tree all this time. Poor old man. I had intended to come back for you in about an hour after I went out to see the apoplexy patient. But when I was making for home, I came across an automobile smash in the road, two cars had crashed into each other, and there was a lady there who had her head full of glass after being hurled through the wind-shield. I had to take her to the hospital at Hawken City in my own car, and when I was there the doctors insisted that I should stay and perform a very necessary operation on her, so I did, and we got some splinters of glass out of her brain, but she'll be all right now. . . So that's the reason why my boy was up in the tree so long."

"That's all right, dad," said Buddy, "I knew something delayed you or you'd be here. But say, dad, I've got the dandiest piece of news for you, you could imagine. Wait till we get inside, and I'll tell you all about it."

The doctor placed the ladder against the tree. "Now be careful old man, as you come down" he

admonished Buddy. But the latter had a scheme of his own.

"Wait, I'll show you dad," he said, "I'll crawl along this low branch towards you, and hang by my hands, then you can catch me as I let go. It'll be easier than fooling with the ladder?"

"Alright, go ahead, Bud" said Dr. Englewood.

So it happened that a little fat boy swung his body off a branch of a tree, and a strong man below caught the little form in his arms as it dropped towards the ground. Somehow or other the arms of the boy wound themselves around the neck of the man, and the man's arms wound themselves around the blue sweater, and Dr. Englewood and Buddy had a good old fashioned hug. "Oh, daddy" cried the little fellow in sheer happiness, and it is quite possible that calm and unemotional Dr. Englewood replied: "You darling," in fact he did. Two very happy fellows went into the house, and had a good supper of chicken sandwiches and ice-cream and milk which the doctor had brought home in the car, then Buddy told his father all about the projected robbery. It was very late, but still it was necessary to start things going at once, so Dr. Englewood and Buddy got into the automobile and sped away to the house of the Chief of Police, a personal friend and gave him some idea of what might happen on Friday night, unless, indeed, something happened to prevent it.

It was Friday evening. There was quite a little group assembled in the house of Mr. Stonefeller the millionaire. Mr. Stonefeller himself was not there as he had sailed for Europe about a month previously, anyway he only came down to his "country cottage" as he called it, at rare intervals, spending most of his time in New York.

The old caretaker was there, old Bill Saunders, who had known Stonefeller when he was a boy about the age of Buddy. Bill, however, was more ornamental than useful now, so to speak, and in a fight would appear best as a disinterested spectator. Dr. Englewood and Buddy were there, the former in case any medical treatment might be needed by anybody, and the latter because he had never seen a real hold-up man or gangster before, and this seemed a good chance. The Chief of Police with three members of the force were there to receive some uninvited guests who were expected. With the house in complete darkness, they awaited events.

Dr. Englewood and Buddy with the Chief of Police were in the sitting room. The three policemen were arranged at intervals from the kitchen window to the hall. Their instructions were to remain perfectly quiet and make no sound, until all the intruders had entered the house. Then the police-

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men were to blow their whistles and the Chief of Police and the doctor were to rush out and confront the intruders, while they were being secured by the men.

It all happened exactly to schedule, as one might say. Shortly after midnight, the policeman stationed near the window in the kitchen, which he had obligingly left unfastened for the burglars, saw a shaggy head peep through, then force its way along followed by a long lean body. When the body stood safely on the floor, it was followed by another and still another, until three men stood in the room. Slowly and carefully they crept across the room, and opened the door leading into the hall. Then the policeman standing near the window, blew his whistle and switched on the light.

All of a sudden things happened. The three gangsters made an effort to retrace their steps, and the police closed in on them and secured them. Handcuffed in less time than it takes to relate the incident, they were hustled into the sitting room, where they found themselves face to face with the Chief of Police, Dr. Englewood, and Buddy.

They were asked if they had anything to say, being of course warned that any statement they made might be used in evidence against them. But they had nothing to say. Burglary was their business, and whenever they were captured they simply regarded it as all in a day's work,—part of the game.

However the leader of the gang asked the Chief of Police if he might ask a question. Not unnaturally the Chief agreed, and the gangster asked him how he got to know of the approaching-burglary.

The Chief of Police even went as far as to tell him he would let him know exactly.

While he was slowly lighting a cigar and scrutinizing the prisoners very closely, the Chief was smiling to himself. He winked slyly over at Buddy, but our hero was not exactly smiling. He was wondering what might happen when these men got out of prison, if they knew that he was the cause of their being captured. He did not fear for himself, a burglar as a rule did not make trouble for a boy, unless he was a kidnapper of course, but then there was dad, they might come and rob dad's house when he would not be there, or perhaps take him unawares and shoot him. Buddy almost wished that the Chief of Police had refused to give the gangster the answer he was expecting. It turned out alright however. The Chief of Police smiled very blandly, then slowly he spoke.

"How did I get to know you were going to rob the house of Mr. Stonefeller?" he queried, "why just from information received, that's all" he said.

Chop Suey a la Human

An old woman arrived in the hospital for treatment. She was told by the nurse that she must have a bath. She was terrified. "No, no," she cried. "I have lived sixty years without a bath and I don't need one now." This is not a funny story but is real fact. Further the woman left the hospital without the medical treatment rather than have a bath. One wonders just how people like her do clean themselves. Anybody who has not had a bath for sixty years ought to need a sand-blast process.

A man suffered from appendicitis, so they pounded his body all over with a heavy iron to drive the evil spirit away. Another who suffered from cholera had sharp needles run under the nails of his fingers and toes. But there are other methods. A child got its skull fractured so the parents smeared the open wound with incense ashes and black mud, over which goose feathers were sprinkled. Another child with fever was wrapped tightly in blankets, then a heavy adult sat on him till he was smothered to death. A dutiful daughter, whose father was dying, cut out a large piece of flesh from her arm just above the wrist, and boiled it up, making a kind of soup. This human bouillon she then gave to her father to drink, and as he happened to recover and live another year, she firmly believed that he had been cured by it. She was obliged to keep the details of the cure secret for a hundred days to prevent it losing its efficacy!

Luck

IT IS often remarked that the Jews are, as a body, the most successful people in the United States. Success seems to crown every work in which they engage. Various explanations have been given to explain this, and many people say that the success of the Jews is due to LUCK pure and simple. This would lead us to enquire just exactly what luck is, and how we may secure a share of it for ourselves.

Luck is made up of many things, and is within the reach of every American boy and girl. Luck means rising early in the morning and having a well made scheme of life. Luck means living well within the bounds of one's income, and saving a margin, however small, of everything one earns. Luck means paying strict and ready attention to business, or as the old saying has it, minding one's own business in order that one may have a business to mind. Luck means never failing to keep an appointment once it has been made, and never arriving breathless at a railroad station ten minutes after the departure of the train we should have caught. Luck means a deep trust in the Providence of God, coupled with the utmost faith in and use of our own abilities. Luck means to use well every minute of every hour of every day. The only good substitute for luck is steady, hard work.

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA



New Year Customs in China

KNOWING that many readers of THE SIGN would be pleased to read about the Chinese New Year Customs I have looked into their old books of superstition, studied their observance and witnessed their celebrations with an eye to this article.

The following, taken from an old copy of the "China Press" seems to embrace most of the Chinese practices:

"The Chinese have many superstitions regarding the observance of New Year. The New Year observance is a religious festival, the principal one observed during the year.

On the eve of the day slips of red paper are pasted slantwise on the door. Henceforth nobody may open it until the New Year has dawned. To do so would entail great misfortune for the family, and all the happiness expected by the family during the coming year would thereby escape. They believe this true even though the door were but slightly opened.

On one of the slips is written the following motto: May great happiness attend the closing of the door. On the other slip is written: May unbounded prosperity accompany the opening of the door. In some cases the people attach small ingots of mock money to these slips, expecting thereby to be blessed with

BY AGATHO PURTILL, C. P.

great riches during the coming year.

The idea of sending New Year's gifts to the imps of the nether world, hoping thus to ingratiate oneself with them and be unmolested for the coming year exhibits more foresight and wisdom than the average Chinese is usually credited with possessing. On the evening before New Year's day the shoes, when taken off, are placed with soles upward so as to prevent the god of epidemic

and plague from depositing therein the germs of fatal diseases.

On New Year's morning, 'Heaven and Earth'—the household gods—ancestors and kitchen gods—are all duly worshipped. The god of poverty is thrown out and burned beside the temple of the god of the soil. The god of wealth is ceremoniously introduced and his picture set up in the family shrine.

Strange to say some pagan families abstain from meat on New Year's day. This fast is made in honor of Buddha, Maitreya and other dieties and is thought to propitiate these and secure happiness for the abstainers.

As superstitious dreads ever haunt the Chinese, the begging fraternity avail themselves of this sentiment on the occasion of the New Year. These beggars go about in groups offering their congratulations to members of respectable families and begging in return a present of cakes and money. Whoever dares refuse them may expect curses and imprecations upon his head and wishes for a most unfortunate New Year—something that all fear on this day above all other days.

New Year's day is observed by ceremonies during the entire day. The following are the ceremonies of the morning.

Opening of the Gate of Wealth:



BROTHER LAMBERT, C. P., THE ONLY PASSIONIST BROTHER IN CHINA. HIS ARCHITECTURAL AND BUILDING ABILITY IS AN INVALUABLE ASSET TO ALL THE MISSIONS.

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INTERIOR OF THE "CATHEDRAL" OF THE LUKI MISSION.

A short time after midnight or in the very early hours of the morning the head of the family opens the principal door taking great care to pronounce at the same time some sentence of good omen for the New Year. For instance he might say: "This year shall make fortune; the New Year that now commences will be a happy one."

Worshipping Heaven and Earth: Immediately after the principal door has been opened the head of the family worships 'heaven and earth.' A table spread with offerings is placed in front of the principal reception hall. On the table are placed two large red candles, a censer, three sticks of common incense or one large stick of a fragrant kind of incense used only on this day. When everything is arranged the head of the family advances, kneels down and bows three times holding in his hands a stick of incense which has been lighted. Rising he places the incense in the censer. He then takes a large sheet of superstitious paper, returns thanks for past favors, begs to be protected against sickness and implores success in business. At the conclusion the paper is burned, mock

money is set on fire and firecrackers are exploded. Two ornamental lanterns are used to light the doorway on this occasion and enhance the pomp of this important New Year's ceremony.

Worshipping Household Gods and Deceased Ancestors: When heaven and earth have been properly worshipped candles and incense are again lighted before the household gods. The head of the family, together with all the male members of the family then kneels down and makes three profound bows before the images of these gods and the wooden tablets of the ancestors, wherein are supposed to dwell the spirits of the deceased.

Worshipping the Kitchen God: The Chinese believe that at the end of the year the Kitchen god ascends to heaven in order to report to the pearly Emperor on the conduct of the members of the family. Such an important duty could never be overlooked on New Year's day. Candles and incense are also lighted before his image the kneeling and bowing is repeated here and again the mock money is burned and firecrackers exploded.

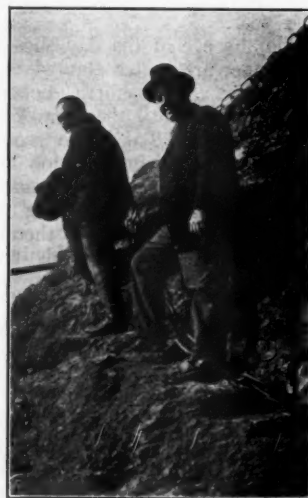
Worshipping in local temples: In the early hours of morning, sometimes even before dawn, the head of the family carrying a lighted lantern proceeds to the local temple and there makes his offering to the gods. Here is also carried out the incense, bows, money burning and firecracker process.

The gods having been duly worshipped it now becomes the duty of the family to pay its respects to relatives and friends. The adult male members sally forth to make their New Year Calls. The husband must call upon the wife's parents provided they live within a reasonable distance. Married sons kneel before their seniors, bow thrice and express their congratulations. Friends of equal rank and standing in society bow to each other when meeting, shaking their hands in the air and mutually congratulate each other. Adults when calling at New Year

must invariably be served with hot tea to sip, tobacco to smoke and a plate of watermelon seeds to eat—or rather nibble because there is nothing substantial to eat in a watermelon seed!

Women take no official part in the different forms of worship. Social etiquette in China confines their New Year activities almost exclusively to the inner apartments of the house and according to the rites they may not offer sacrifice. There is only one little ceremony which they perform on this day and it is known as 'Vaporizing Vinegar.' Few women fail to perform this simply ceremony.

These are some of the New Year's customs in China. Of course there are many more and perhaps I shall tell you more about them in my next article. Meantime let me assure all my good friends that conditions in Yungshunfu continue to be anything but peaceful outside the Mission Compound. Within this sacred enclosure all is serene as usual. What the future holds in store for us none dare say. We are all hoping for better times. Please remember me and my Mission in your prayers and may the Lord bless all those who have remembered me in the past.



THE MONSIGNOR AND FATHER PAUL CLIMB THE RUGGED HEIGHTS

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THE MONTHS have slipped by almost unnoticed since the Church planted the first of the Kingdom of God in Lungshan. Here we are at harvest time. The harvest is always an interesting event here in Lungshan. The first fruit is watched for eagerly and it always encourages the workers to labor harder and with greater zest.

In Lungshan two souls have had the happiness of being called from this life of misery. And what a happiness it was! Both beggars and both received into the church and started on their journey to heaven when almost at death's door. One was an old man upwards of sixty years. He was first brought to my notice when he was carried to the Mission for medical

Lungshan

Random Notes and a New Mission

BY CONSTANTINE LEECH, C. P.

attention. His leg had been crushed by a millstone. It received no medical attention for a long time after the accident and by the time they brought him to me the whole foot below the ankle was black, and dead hanging by a few threads from the rest of the leg. And they wanted the Senn Fu to give him medicine to heal it!

I did all I could for him and he was carried off. He returned to the Mission later on begging for help and food. We helped him as best we could and when I looked at the crushed leg I discovered the foot had now altogether disappeared. The next I heard of him was when some of the Christians brought me word that he was dying. Night was falling as I hurried to a little side street where he lay. There I found him lying in the street half on his face and half on his side groaning in the agony of death. Not even a stone under his head nor a board under his body had been given him. People were passing along without a glance of pity. The fact that he was dying and that he lay upon the hard ground made no impres-



RT. REV. MONSIGNOR DOMINIC LANGENBACHER BACK IN THE HARNESS AFTER MANY DAYS OF PERILOUS TRAVEL

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THE KAIHANG. NOTE THE CABIN DOORS AND STEERING QUARTERS. THE ROOF IS INTENDED FOR WALKING PURPOSES. THE CHINESE LIVE FOR DAYS ON SUCH BOATS AS THIS. THEY STRETCH THEIR BEDS ON THE ROOF AND SLEEP LIKE LOGS.

sion on the passersby. After I had administered the Sacraments to him, we borrowed a door from a nearby house and placing the poor man upon it we carried him to a better spot and tried to make him as comfortable as possible. That night, all alone, with none but God's Angels about him in the darkness, his soul was freed from his suffering body and taken, we hope, to his heavenly home.

The next day the body lay in the hot sun until noon. Of the hundreds who passed and repassed the body none offered to do a last act of charity and bury it. Finally we had our carpenters make a coffin and buried him ourselves. A cross was also placed over the grave. I mentioned to the Catechist that perhaps it would not be there very long since wood is very precious in China. But he assured me that there was no fear of anyone stealing it. However when I passed the spot some days later I looked for the cross in vain.

On the day that we buried this poor unfortunate and while we were waiting for the grave to be filled in, one of my boys told me that there was a man's head lying in a rice-field just at the foot of the hill. Hardly believing it pos-

sible I followed the boy down the hill to the place where the supposed head was lying. Sure enough we found the skeleton head of a man just as the boy said. I tried to find out more about it and finally discovered that it was the head of a man who had been executed. Before the body could be buried the dogs had dragged the head away and had left it where we found it. We walked about the place for a few minutes and found human bones scattered all over the place. These had been dug up out of the shallow graves by the dogs. Sights of this nature are not uncommon in China. In this place were the bodies of those who had been executed. For these poor criminals there is shown little or no respect. If they have no friends they may lie for days without burial. Many times they are eaten by the dogs. Other times they are buried so carelessly or in such shallow graves that it is an easy matter for the dogs to unearth them. Only last week a man was beheaded and having no friends two old women took it upon themselves to bury the dead. With no coffin, the only clothes a wretched pair of trousers, the poor man was laid in a very shallow grave, some dirt was thrown over the body to

hide it from view and thus it was left! How great is the need of Christ's Gospel and Christian Charity in China!

I have just returned from Sanshih, another new Mission which has just been opened by us. Like Lungshan it is a place where a priest had never been seen before. But unlike Lungshan we are not so welcome there as we would like. The chief reason for this attitude on the part of the people is a superstitious cult which has its foundation there. The head of this cult is a relative of one of our military generals. With this influence to back him he uses his superstition to intimidate the people. To don a uniform in China is to become a king whose might is right and none dare question it. However, with God's help we shall continue to progress in spite of difficulties and setbacks. We never lose courage. We have a number who have given in their names for the doctrine class. Unfortunately we are in dire need of better and larger quarters in order to accommodate all. We have an eye on more suitable quarters and if we secure them the church will be nearer to the people.

Before closing let me tell you of an amusing incident that hap-

THE † SIGN

To Shenchow

By RT. REV. MSGR. DOMINIC
LANGENBACHER, C. P.

pened in Sanshih while I was there. The regular soldiers left the city leaving only the home guard to take care of the place. The men of the home guard have never been noted for fighting. In fact they have received but little if any military training. But they take their job seriously. One night a mule was busily grazing just outside the walls. The soldier on guard, conscious of the great responsibility resting upon him, hearing a noise without the walls, immediately demanded the password. Needless to say the mule did not understand him and could not have answered if it did. There was a pause while the nervous home-guardsman strained his ear for the precious pass word. None came. The guard raised his trusty, or should I say rusty rifle and taking careful aim into the darkness at large solemnly pulled the trigger. Unfortunately he accidentally ended the days of the poor mule. He will probably be commended for his bravery!

Now I would like to write much more about the work over here. Especially would I like to describe for you the many needs of two

THIS MORNING our little band of new Missionaries and Sisters together with Fathers Paul and Quentin finished the second lap of our great journey to the Missions up in the Interior

struggling infant Missions. Perhaps I shall have more to write about the next time. I urge my friends to continue praying for our success and please not to forget that we can use every donation they can send us whether it be a dollar or a dime. There's a place for every penny and we'll place the penny if you supply it. God bless all my kind friends and benefactors. Let us all work together for the conversion of China.

of China. For some days to come, possibly a week or two at most, we shall be forced to remain here at Changteh. The reason of this wait is that we wish to join a well protected convoy of ships coming up river. This convoy consists of some two or three hundred boats protected by a strong guard of six hundred soldiers. It started up river this past week but a sudden change was made in their plans owing to an unexpected call made upon the soldiers. Many were sent to Lichow where they had to take part in the fighting to the north of us. On account of this and because of further upset conditions, including the recent capture and release by ransom methods of a small party of Protestant Missionaries and their children, we have been advised by the American Consul and the Chinese Commissioner of Foreign Affairs at Changsha not to go up river until conditions are bettered.

So here we will remain for a while. We will not leave until we are sure one way or the other that the road is clear. However we feel sure that we shall not have



SOME OF THE LITTLE ONES BEING CARED FOR THROUGH THE CHARITY OF YOUR ALMS. YOU CAN HELP US
SAVE OTHERS BY REMEMBERING THE MISSIONS.

THE † SIGN



A CHINESE FARM HOUSE. THE DAUGHTER OF THE FAMILY DOES THE PLOWING.

to wait very long. If we are disappointed and conditions do not improve we shall have to retrace our steps to Hankow. But as I remarked before we are counting upon a happy outcome and a successful journey to Shenchow.

In order to make doubly sure that no real risk will be run, I myself with either Father Paul or Father Quentin will run on to Changsha and consult the Consul there and listen to some advice from the authorities.

Although affairs are surely more upset than usual in China due to the Civil War now waged between the North and South, yet conditions such as we have encountered on our journey are not out of the ordinary in China. A party of Protestant Missionaries were captured by the bandits as you know. But this was because they were travelling without an escort of soldiers to guard them. Of course it made matters much worse when they paid the ransom. This action on the part of the friends of those taken places us all in tighter circumstances. However the way is not absolutely impassable and if we find after consulting the Authorities that there is really no more risk than ordinary and we can go with the

Yungshunfu *Illiteracy and Insanity*

BY AGATHO PURTILL, C. P.

large convoy well protected, we can move on in security or at least as much as we can possibly hope for in this blessed country of China.

At any rate I warn all my dear friends back in the States not to worry about us. We will take no unnecessary chances. Do not place too much confidence in what is published in the American newspapers. Often these reports are greatly exaggerated. Right here in China itself we hear all kinds of rumours day after day. Why if we put stock in all we hear we would all be insane in a short time.

We place all our trust in Divine Providence who has not failed us in the past. I never forget all our benefactors in my Masses and prayers and I plead with them in turn to pray often for the success of our work in China.

IT SEEMS that I must again start my letter with the story of war. However I'll be as brief as possible before starting to write of matters less universal.

Of course the American papers must tell of all the wars in Hunan. Wars and rumours of war—that's China. Even the foreign merchant steamers and gun-boats have been fired on. With all these reports of war I know that you will be glad to know how we are faring. This letter, to begin with, is an assurance that all are well and happy.

The Province of Hunan has fallen into the hands of the Cantonese Reds. Troops from the neighboring Province of Kweichow have swept through our territory. Their numbers have been augmented by bandit hordes, half clothed, half fed and poorly armed. Considering all the danger that comes to a Chinese city in times of this kind we have suffered very little. The Lord has certainly been more than kind to us and we feel that this blessing is due to the many prayers of our friends in America. We feel deeply obligated to all the members of the Gemma League who have not ceased to increase their prayers for us in our trials.

THE † SIGN

This Mission has suffered the least during the present trouble. A bandit chief is in command of the town and has made himself a little king all to himself. All told he does his best. It is better that he is here than to have him threatening the city from a mountain lair. Once out of power, he is a terror and no one is safe on the highway.

Strange how this man came into power. Illiterate? Cannot read or write. What is even worse, he has no desire to learn how. He began his career by tending the mules of some other bandit and gradually worked himself up to commander-in-chief of the mountain thieves.

He claims he is quite happy. He certainly has plenty of money. Proof of his wealth is given in the fact that he has and is able to keep five wives. He is only a little fellow but all obey him except his wives. When the rest of the town is afraid to say a cross or unpleasant word to him it is not infrequent that we hear his wives laying down the law to him. His house is directly opposite to the

Mission so that we have a good chance to observe.

Besides taking men's heads off, his only other fault is gambling. One of his great sorrows is that one of his wives is a better card-player than he is. Another one of his wives smokes opium but that does not cause him any worry. That is common and a small affair in China.

His only son, a boy of ten, struts about with an automatic gun and is the terror of the village. All the school-boys are afraid of him. But I am sure that were this lad's father other than the military commander of the place the other lads would soon teach him some needed lessons.

In China there are no insane asylums. You know asylums and charitable institutions for unfortunate mankind are the products of Christianity. It is not surprising, therefore, that such institutions are not to be found in a land where Christianity has made so little headway. But there are plenty of crazy people here in China.

We had one crazy man in this burg a short time ago. His elders

kept him chained. One day he broke loose and did a lot of damage. On another day while on one of his rampages of freedom he killed his aunt. The last time he broke loose he killed his father. This was carrying affairs too far. So, now that there was no one to care for him, the Mandarin decided that for the sake of the common good he should be shot.

Just the other day an insane man attacked our church at Sinsipin. He literally attacked the church. He made frantic attempts to cut through the church door by using an old blunt sword. Finding this was too big a job he took to smashing the windows of the house and yelling at the top of his voice that he was going to kill the foreigner. The Christians hearing his yells came on the run from all the nearby fields to find the source of the trouble. Well, it was not long before the 'source of the trouble' was tied hand and feet and beaten almost senseless. In fact they certainly would have strung him up if the priest did not get there in time to prevent the outraged farmers.



RECENT CONVERTS AT THE LIULINGCHA MISSION. SOME OF THE WOMEN, IN SPITE OF THEIR STUMP FEET, WALKED TEN MILES AND MORE TO MASS ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

THE † SIGN

The Mandarin sent both the insane man and his father to prison to await trial. The case was settled according to Chinese custom. Presents of meats and fruits were sent to this Mission and also to our Mission in Sinsipin. All damages to the Mission were repaired. Then the father had to stand in the market place on market day and yell as loud as he could for half a day informing the people that the insult to the Catholic Mission was his fault, that he had been careless in not taking proper care of his crazy son and that no one should imitate his example. Finally large batches of fire-crackers were set off as reparation to the Mission and the Missionary. Oh, yes, we have lots of dangerous fun like this in China.

Please do pray for the Missions. I think more work is done here by earnest prayer than by all the preaching of the Missionaries. The burden of praying is yours. And do not forget the old saying that "Every little bit added to what you got makes just a little bit more." The Chinese Missions need your help. The great trouble about that maxim as regards us is that we have not got the something to add something to. Do try to interest all your friends in our work and may God bless you.

Jottings

From China

THESE are very critical days in Hankow. We are now living under a Soviet Regime which means strikes, boycotts and perhaps worse. We are threatened with a food boycott and have been notified by the American Chamber of Commerce to lay in a two weeks' supply to guard against emergencies.

Anyone who thinks that reports about conditions here in Hankow are exaggerated knows little of actual events. There is simply no

telling what may happen next and we are prepared for the worst... Rev. Celestine Roddan, C. P., Hankow, December 3rd, 1926.

* * *

The following is dated Oct. 26th, 1926 but we feel sure that it merits even this late mention.

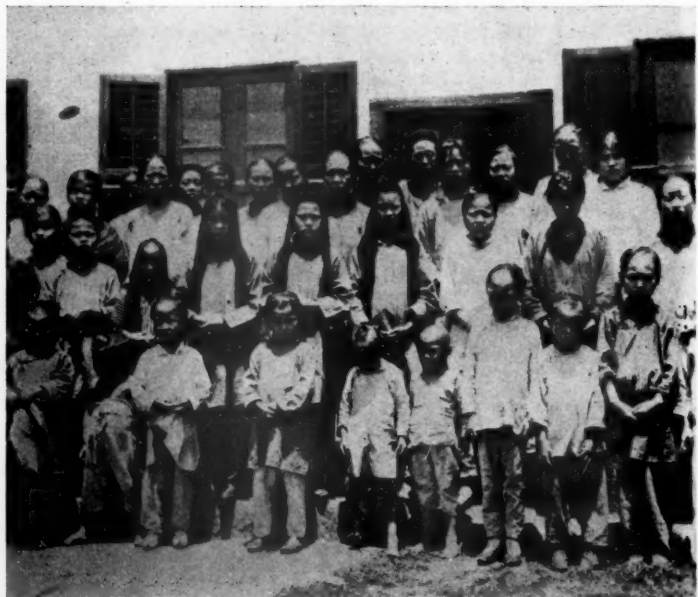
We had a big celebration here on Sunday and Monday in honor of the six Chinese Bishops recently consecrated by Pope Pius. The greatest enthusiasm was displayed by all. All departments were gayly decorated and in the evening illuminated. There were festivals and games.

Sunday evening all the male Christians, to the littlest mother's son of them walked through the city in a Chinese lantern parade. It would have given pleasure to anyone to be in at the finish. All gathered in the school-yard which was filled with sight-seers. The drill-master mounted a chair. He as well as all the school boys were in uniform. He then called the throng to attention and demanded three cheers for the six

new Chinese Bishops. Thereupon the lanterns of all imaginable shades were flung aloft and the air was rent with three rousing shrieks the like of which had never before been heard in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The demonstration was a magnificent answer to the virulent anti-foreignism which is sweeping over this Province of Hunan... Rev. Cuthbert O'Gara, C. P. Shenchow, Oct. 26th, 1926.

* * *

My school now numbers forty-seven pupils and will keep growing I am sure. For the present, not having a catechumenate for adults, I wish to give much attention to the school. I pray that these boys become as eager to learn the truths of our holy Faith as they are to advance in secular knowledge. Then, too, I have practically lost much time in the study of the language in my seven month's absence in Shenchow. I have much to make up along this line.



A FEW OF THE CATHOLICS WHO BELONG TO FATHER FLAVIAN MULLIN'S MISSION AT SUPU.

THE † SIGN



FATHERS TIMOTHY AND FLAVIAN
ROUGHING IT ON BOARD A SAMPAN

More and more the conviction grows in me that the language is of prime importance. Please pray that I make good progress in order that I might the better aid the many souls entrusted to my guidance. If I get a good hold on the Chinese it will encourage me all the more to undertake the study of the 'Miao' dialect.

Conditions in this section are fairly quiet. Troops pass through this place but most of the fighting is in the Kiangsi Province. Experience has taught these troops that the welcome of the 'Miao' is something to be dreaded. On my return here both the General and the Magistrate assured me that next year will again be a famine year. I hope and pray that their predictions are false. Rev. Theophane Maguire, C. P., Yungshui—November 24th, 1926.

* * *

I see a white man only about once in three months when I go to Yungshun. Lungshan, the new Mission where I am resident, is going along slowly. The place took a step forward in the path of progress but, alas, has again fallen back. We had the telegraph installed. It was here for about four months when the General who was in this city left for other parts. On leaving he took the telegraph with him. However we are only four miles from Hupeh and just on the border line, in the city of Liefang, there is a telegraph so that in case of necessity we can go there... Rev. Con-

stantine Leech, C. P... Lungshan, December-1926.

* * *

I happen to be down in Shenchow just at present but hope to be back in Yungshunfu in about a week. Coming down here I almost landed at the bottom of the river. In passing through one of the rapids our boat was half

boat and meet it further down past the rapid. Of course they did just the opposite. They went headlong into the longest and worst of the day without as much as a word of warning. After we got through my heart gradually assumed its normal action and I began to feel happy at the prospect of reaching Shenchow before the day was over. Thanks be to God I made it. The many prayers of the members of Gemma's League must have helped me that day. God bless them. I shall not forget them in all my Masses and prayers... Rev. Terence Connelly, C. P... Yungshunfu, December 1926.

* * *

Before I came to China I often wondered just what all the steps in China looked like. Now I know what they look like and why they are necessary.

I used to read about Missionaries riding up and down such steps—and this on horseback! It is no longer a mystery to me. These steps in China are the same as steps and stairs the world over. Here, however, they frequently form part of the highway.

The other day while returning from a journey I came to flights having seventeen, twenty-five and twenty-eight steps. These I rode up and down just as leisurely and safely as people might ascend them on foot.

Steps in China are no longer a puzzle to me. Still less do they worry me when I have a sure-footed donkey climbing them under me.

Father Rupert Langenbacher, C. P. Luki Mission.

* * *

Father Ernest Cunningham, C. P. sends us this letter since it serves to enlighten our readers as to conditions prevailing in China:

Dear Father Cunningham:

I learned by a recent paper of your capture and deliverance. Let me offer you my sincere sympathy for your sufferings and finally my heartiest congratulations on your

Help!

From the depths of Lung Tan there comes a cry of distress.

There in that unknown spot of God's creation are thousands of souls thirsting for the knowledge of God and the true Faith.

The Passionist Fathers have recently entered that place and hope to plant there in the midst of pagan gods and idol worshippers the Cross of Christ.

Some kind of building is essential if the work is to succeed. But the Missionary finds himself with a flat purse altogether insufficient for the purpose.

Readers will you help the priest in his hour of need?

If every Reader would send but a dime or a dollar the work of building a chapel and school would soon be under way. We do not ask for a beautiful church or school. Just a tiny combination building where Christ and His saving doctrine could be preached to the pagans.

You will help? Send your donation today. And when you send it just say it is for Father Godfrey Holbein, C. P. in his new mission in China.

flooded with water. I was just ready to jump in and try to swim for shore when, happily, the men gained control of the boat and pulled into shore. The first four or five rapids we passed I enjoyed, thinking all the time that if we could keep up the rate of travel I would make Shenchow in a day. To make Shenchow from Wangtsun would be excellent time. However, after we were almost sunk and over half-flooded I had enough thrills for the day and suggested to the boatman that he let me know when he reached the next rapid and I would get off the

THE † SIGN

delivery. Surely the Lord protects His own. In these days of strife our only hope is in the Lord.

Surely you good Passionists have had your share of trials and trouble since your advent to this

old 'Celestial Kingdom.' The Lord must have great things in store for you since He thus tries you at the very outset.

At present, like yourselves, we have gone through a siege of war and are now under the Southern 'Red' Flag. Our central residence suffered a midnight raid from the 'Red' soldiers, as also did the Hospital of our American Sisters of Charity. Beyond threats and insults no physical harm was inflicted. Everywhere meetings were held and the populace were excited to rid themselves of us and our religion. At present we are at peace as all the military have gone forward to the North. We fear their return. . . I do hope that better days dawn. Meanwhile may the Lord protect you and all.

Sincerely and cordially in Xto.,
(Signed) (Rev.) Daniel Mc Gillicuddy, C. M.

HINGKWO, KIANGSI.

Gemma's League

Gemma's League is a pious association under the patronage of Gemma Galgani, a wonderfully

holy girl who, we hope, will soon be raised to the honors of the Altar. In her humble and suffering life she carried on a remarkable apostolate of prayer. Members of this association offer prayers, sacrifices and good works for the success of the Passionist missions in China. If you wish to join the League, please write to THE SIGN.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY

The following prayers and good works were offered for the missions in China during December.

Masses said	21,045
Masses heard	16,411
Holy Communion	49,919
Visits to B. Sacrament	114,329
Spiritual Communions	6,383
Benediction Services	104,900
Sacrifices, Sufferings	7,816
Stations of the Cross	55,210
Visits to the Crucifix	16,811
Beads of the Five Wounds	21,014
Offerings of P. Blood	409,924
Visits to Our Lady	16,811
Rosaries	4,388
Beads of the Seven Dolors	2,295,185
Ejaculations	30,780
Hours of Study, Reading	40,292
Hours of Labor	30,981
Acts of Kindness, Charity	69,007
Acts of Zeal	446,548
Prayers, Devotions	7,009
Hours of Silence	186,209
Various Works	180
Holy Hours	12,000
Hymns	

It is time to begin doing something for Easter. What do you intend to do for the Missions? You do want to make some offering don't you? By the time that Easter rolls around and you find yourself preparing your Easter finery you might find also that there is nothing left in your pocketbook. And then what will you do for the Missions?

Here's a suggestion: thousands of good friends of ours were kind enough and thoughtful enough to prepare for Christmas by sending for a Mite Box a few months ahead of time. By Christmas they had their offering for the Missions all ready to send in. And they did send it in—God bless them everyone. Now why not do the same for Easter. Just a mite a day to put away for Easter Day. Send for the Mite Box today and begin right away.

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7. 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers.

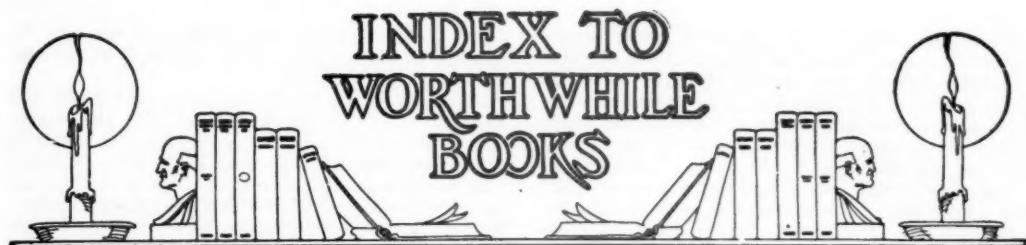
REV. FATHER P. A. HECKMANN
REV. J. J. HIGGINS
N. J. KEARNEY
MARGARET KILLIAN
ALBERT OBERBERGER
KATHRYN BERGER
MRS. A. T. RANDOLPH
AGNES D. LEAHY
JAMES LOUGHRAN
ANNIE V. DEVINE
MR. STRONG
RICHARD McGOVERN
THOMAS CULKEN
TERRENCE MELLON
JOHN GLOECKNER
ANNA BARRES
R. E. WEINGARTNER
ALICE DEMPSEY
ELENA H. O'BRIEN
VINCENT B. WALSH
JOHN McWEENEY
OWEN KILLIAN
NORA WELSH
EDWARD T. BROWN
MR. FITZGERALD

EMMA LONGO
EDWARD MELVY
JOSEPH HANLON
JOHN O'CONNOR
MARY HAYDEN
THOMAS KILLIAN
ELLEN O'CONNOR
JOSEPH WISE, JR.
ELIZABETH BRUETT
JOHN T. CRUMMEY
CATHERINE O'CONNELL
JOHN McCONNELL
JAMES F. DEVITT
MARY MALONEY
MRS. M. A. McGRAW
MRS. MARY C. O'BRIEN
MRS. MABEL A. CONNORS
MRS. MARGARET McCARNEY
MARY GARRIGAN
THOMAS MATTHEW
JOHN FRANCIS McDONOUGH
MATHEW DOLLY
MARY GEOGHAN
ELIZA CARLIN
ROBERT E. OLWELL
EDWARD R. MURPHY
WILLIAM ALGEO
JOHN DAILY
JOHN KELLY
MARY NIELSON
THOMAS J. TRACY

IRENE HEAGEN
MR. SCANLON
PATRICK T. McGREEVY
ELLEN HOGAN
GEORGE D. JONES
MARGARET G. BRADY
CATHERINE DEMANT
MRS. E. J. DOUGHERTY
BRIDGET M. FEENEY
JAMES M. CARTON
ANDREW VOGICK
WILLIAM A. LAUFER
MRS. MARY JANE CARROLL
MARY COOPER
GEORGE J. FLEMING
JOHN SCHOLL
PATRICK O'CONNELL
FRANK McCONNELL
PETER and ELLEN MURPHY
FRANCIS McGIVERN
MR. and MRS. JOHN LAUGHLIN
PATRICK J. COMERFORD
MARY ANN COLLINS
JOHN F. CLARK
GEORGE ELLIOTT
EDWARD J. FLANNERY
MRS. M. J. KELLY
MRS. THOMAS SHUGRUE
EDWARD CANTROELL
C. P. LAUGHLIN
MRS. M. MAGUIRE
JOHN V. MURPHY

JAMES P. McCARTHY
MARY A. McGIVERN
FELIX McCAFFREY
MRS. L. O'NEILL
HELEN BURNS
MICHAEL CLOONAN
MRS. P. J. McANDREWS
JOHN A. McGIVERN
WILLIAM O'MALLEY
MRS. MARY O'DONNELL
JOHN LEAHY
MRS. JOSEPH ROBBRECHT
COLEMAN V. MELLET
AUGUSTA A. STAU-DINGER
JOHN K. RACZKIENREZ
MR. & MRS. T. DORAD
AGRAM JOSEPH
MARGARET H. BELMORE
TERENCE MURPHY
C. J. DUKE
MARGARET GALLAGHER
MRS. ANNA McGOWAN
MARY McCONNELL
MRS. MARY E. PYNE
THOMAS HORAN
WILLIAM MILLER

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

HOMELY SPIRITUALS. By Hugh F. Blunt LL. D. The MacMillan Company, New York, Price: \$1.50

Time was, in my youthful days, when to use pen or pencil upon any but the fly-leaf of a book, seemed a profanation.

But when, in reading certain books we come across those striking sayings which we feel sure we ourselves might have given utterance to had we but thought of them sooner—like the boy who was convinced that he could make a watch if he had the tools and knew how—what lover of books has not felt the desire to affix the stamp and seal of his approval with his own hand to these brilliant sayings? And in certain moods what pleasure may be found in turning over the leaves of a cherished volume in search of those marked passages which show our endorsement of the author's ideas!

Some books especially tempt to such a proceeding—and such a book is the latest volume of Essays by Rev. Hugh F. Blunt LL. D, the very title of which, "Homely Spirituals" invites immediate investigation as to its significance.

A leading magazine, in a notice of the book says that the titles of the essays give no clue as to their real subject matter, "which," it says, "is the way essays ought to be."

One does not expect to find sermons built upon such themes as Preserves, Dead Vines, Sand, Rags, Salt, Dry Wells, etc., but in these "Homely Spirituals" we find the eternal truths arrayed in unexpected garments—what the Reverend author might designate as "glad rags"—which lure the reader to a desire for more intimate knowledge of these truths.

The author's Preface points out so fittingly the significance of the title *Homely Spirituals*, that the Macmillan Company printed the Preface on the outside of its very attractive jacket, in part, at least:

"There is no need of apology for seeking to find the highest spiritual lessons in the prosy things of every day life. Nature preaches to us constantly if we will but listen. Shakespeare found tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything. But the Great Poet and Preacher, Our Lord Himself, showed us as no other could the compelling lessons of the works of His Divine Hand. He pointed continually His Divine truth with examples from the hum-drum of life.

The birds of the air, the flowers of the field, the grass, the hen with her chickens, the fishes, the leaves, the vine—all the dumb things were glorified by Him into an apostleship. St. Francis could preach to the birds, but He could make the birds preach to St. Francis.

Hence I have tried to tell again in these *Homely*

Spirituals, in the prosy form of nature's colloquial speech, the unchanging eternal truths, hoping that the little essays may serve for meditation and spiritual reading, and thus help souls along the 'little way'."

Now the word *meditation* is a bugaboo to many a simple soul who has but little conception of just what constitutes a meditation. But many a tired business man could get up from the reading of these essays with as much consciousness of mental and physical regeneration as would be experienced after the "salt rub" of which the author speaks.

Whatever Father Blunt may be in the pulpit, for these sermonettes he would never receive the doubtful compliment paid to a priest by one of his parishioners: "Ah Father! 'Twas the wonderful sermon you gave us. Sure the words were so big and so grand that we didn't know the meaning of half of them." There is hardly a big word in the book, outside of the frequent allusions to both classic and modern literature which give testimony of extensive reading.

In fact, the key-note of the essays might be said to be simplicity—the simplicity of absolute naturalness which, it is easy to see, is characteristic of the author. There are no complexes, no posings, no cross-word puzzles, though there is mention of Crossroads, and the necessity for signposts to insure our choosing the right path to carry us along the "little way."

The author finds his inspirations in all the ordinary happenings of life, but is perhaps especially happy when he points a moral and adorns a tale from some recollection of his childhood. Recalling his mother's occasional failure with her jellies because "the air got in," after whimsically referring to the air as a "kind of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hide, a perfect gentleman generally, but a thorough villain and a bearer of death germs to poor defenceless preserves," he tells us that "soul preservation is governed by the same laws that govern the preservation of fruit. Keep the heart airtight against the germs of sin. Homely, prosy advice, indeed, but then the receipts in a cook-book are not done in sonnets."

In "Rags" we have a picture of the children in his family interested in identifying the material used in the squares of the patch work quilt. After commenting upon the garments worn by such varied types as Cinderella, Lady Macbeth, Queen Elizabeth and John the Baptist, he says: "The saints were pretty good connoisseurs; they knew materials; they did not bother much with the finery for which the rag-bag was already gaping. They never would qualify as modistes or tailors, but they had the knack of choosing durable robes, and sackcloth was always their certain choice. . . The weave which the paradisaical looms turn out for the making of wedding garments."

THE † SIGN

By a happy choice of the author the closing essay is called "Happy Endings." All through the book Father Blunt shows that he may be depended upon to find the bright spots and the redeeming traits in human nature, from whatever angle it is studied. An instance of this occurs in this closing chapter: "And they married and lived happily ever after." Why not? Let the intellectual sneer at this stock ending and suggest to us that many marriages end unhappily, that perhaps there was a divorce, that the real story of the characters in the novel began only after the wedding; our only answer is that in this case they did live happily ever after. And surely there have been multitudes that did live happily ever after."

In these days of newspaper exploitations of unhappy marital relations, we sometimes find even those whose manifest duty it is to teach and encourage and stimulate married people along the line of strict observance of the duties of what God intended to be a holy and a happy state—we sometimes find them I say, taking the ground that it is a very sorry state indeed, almost

deserving of the motto which Dante placed over the entrance to the Inferno: "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

Be it said in passing that in his "Great Wives and Mothers" Father Blunt has brought into the picture many cases of the true happiness which is bound to spring from true marriages, even in the midst of trials.

In the *Homely Spirituals* he reminds us that the old comedies and farces ended with the marriage of everybody in the play; the tragedies ended with death. "It is the world's way of solving its problems—whereas what is termed the unhappy ending is really only the happy beginning.... It may be said of the Church that she reads the story to the end, or rather that she tells the whole story.... The inspiring thought about reading the life of a saint is that you know it is going to have a happy ending."

The attitude of the true priest is shown in the final question—"Is it not the happy ending with which the Divine Author would like to close the life story of us all?"

"By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained." (Heb. 13/15.)

We print here a list of Benefactors who have contributed to the relief of the famine-stricken in China. May God Himself reward abundantly their generous charity!

In a former issue we credited \$2000.00 to the Holy Cross Euchre of Cincinnati, Ohio. This was an error and should have read as follows: The Passionist Chinese Mission Club by Euchre \$2600.00.

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Railroad Bonds and other	
Stocks and Bonds	1,214,462.76
First Mortgages on Real Estate	2,233,958.25
Loans and Notes Purchased . .	1,233,958.25
Cash on Hand and in Banks . .	321,094.16
Accrued Interest Receivable . .	69,864.20
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures	81,001.00
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Surplus and Undivided Profits .	248,757.95
Unearned Discount	4,539.92
Reserved for Interest, Taxes, Etc.	7,893.31
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Feb. 2, Purification of Mary	Sept. 22, St. Matthew
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May 1, Sts. Philip and James	Nov. 30, St. Andrew
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